

What's happening at the Tribune

Chicago

DECEMBER 1954

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Contributors

The poetic contemplation of survival, *Meanwhile the Mouse*, is in gentle humor typical of **Ruth Herschberger**, who recently won the Harriet Monroe award for distinguished verse and earlier wrote "Adam's Rib."

Jazz and Crime are areas in which **Paul Warren** has had experience, as indicated in his first-person study of their resemblance. He is also the author of a book "Next Time Is for Life," and is now a free-lance writer.

A prominent local businessman, **Mason Warner sr.** has long been one of **The Gentlemen Adventurers of Jackson Boulevard** about whom he writes in this issue.

Robert L. Shebs, who wrote *What's Happening at the Tribune*, has been close to the local newspaper scene for the past ten years and is now one of the editors of CHICAGO.

The second appearance in these pages of **James A. Maxwell** is the reminiscent story, *The Crystal Age*; the first was "To the Malt Add Hops" (April), which had the same ingratiating cast of West Side characters.

COVER

The limestone angel, made by an unknown sculptor for a wall of the University of Chicago's Bond chapel, was photographed by **Zdenek Pivecka**. Artist **Elsa Kula** has used Gothic ornament and a free form halo to create a timeless Christmas effect.

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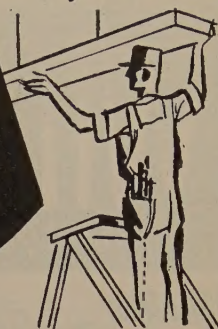
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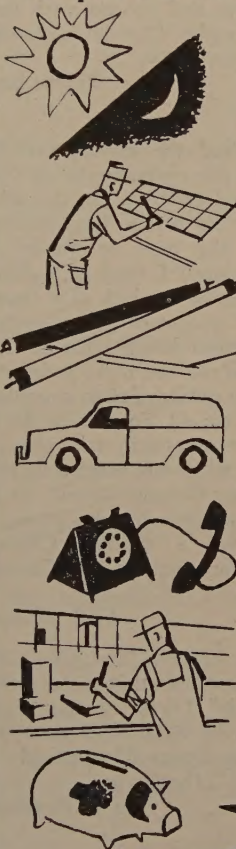
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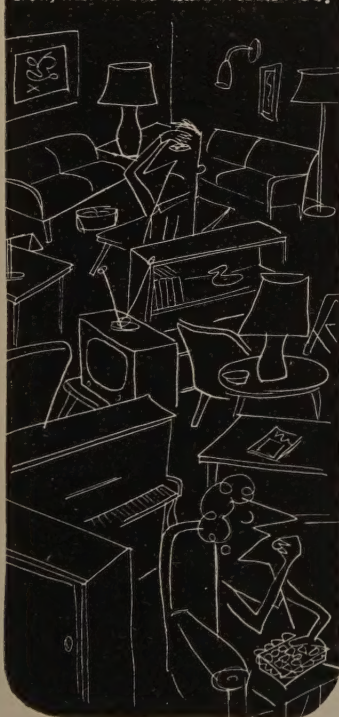


92nd Year



232 S. Michigan—185 W. Madison

NOW, WHERE DID THAT WOMAN GO?



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Readers & Writers

Sir: At last with number seven [September] I feel satisfaction, with very few reservations. I can feel Chicago fairly oozing out of every department. West of the Water Tower improves monthly. In Studs Terkel you have the very best. F. M. Robinson's "Revolution at the Roxy" was timely and interesting. And G. C. Lombard's "Dance of Triumph" was at the very least bewitching. Hang on to that guy.

ROBERT C. MAJEWSKI

Sir: As I am working with the Lyric Theater, I can fully appreciate the kind of work you and your associates are capable of doing in behalf of the Chicago arts. Best wishes for continued growth and success with your venture to make Chicago a livelier and more literate city.

BYRON BELT

Sir: I find the conception, the articles and the photography in CHICAGO fine and exciting. On the other hand, I find the fiction disappointing. More than the type or quality of stories presented, I think the disappointment lies in the lack of a clearly defined and executed policy toward fiction. CHICAGO being what it is, I would like to see you make a determined effort to publish fiction according to two policies: 1) To present stories which do not necessarily take place in Chicago but which are written by new and interesting Chicago writers. 2) To present stories which take place in Chicago, have a genuine Chicago flavor, and are written by Chicago authors.

F. R. HANSEN

Sir: Please note that in the article "Jail for Sale" [West of the Water Tower] in your September issue you spell it "pedigogical" instead of "pedagogical." Thank you.

JIM E. FREINEDE

Sir: Each issue is awaited and opened with all the expectation of a Christmas gift. Your continued selection and improved art work is well appreciated by many. Please keep your articles and stories in our city magazine bright, warm and gay. Leave the sensationalism to the newspapers. CHICAGO will be on our coffee table for years to come.

JOANNE AND RALPH ALLEN

Sir: As an old doorbell ringer, I got quite a kick out of your item entitled "Ward Meeting." [November]

COL. WILLIAM G. EDENS

Sir: I enjoy your little items about funny signs and names. Did you know there's a place on west Chicago avenue called the Live and Let Live Department store?

NANCY O'MARA

Sir: Mr. Dornfeld's fascinating article in your October issue entitled "Aztecs in Wisconsin?" has puzzled me. Which way did Mr. Dornfeld believe that the Aztecs went? The article first implies that the site of Aztalan was the original home of the Aztecs but later he reverses the trek. Mr. Dornfeld states that the people who immigrated there were driven from the south by some unexplained urge, which swept up the Mississippi river and its tributaries a thousand years ago, and gives the dates when the site was occupied as 1000-1150 A.D. If then Mr. Dornfeld means to imply not that Aztalan, Wisconsin, was the original home but that the Aztecs of Mexico were driven up from the south and occupied the site some 25 miles east of Madison in the period of 1000-1150 A.D., the implication is equally disturbing.

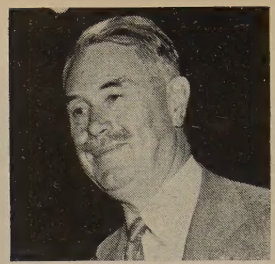
Historians tell us that the Aztecs came originally from the north, presumably what is our own Southwest, and settled in the valley of Anahuac somewhere around 1000 A.D., taking about two centuries to settle down. They were a nomadic people. Their culture, as we know it, did not take form until shortly after 1200 A.D. If that be so, they would then not be the group "driven up from the south" in 1000-1150 A.D. — they had not as yet crystallized their culture nor settled down by that date.

As evidence that these people were Aztecs coming up from the Gulf of Mexico area, the article pictures the necklace of shells from the gulf as proof. May I call attention to the famous "Minnesota Girl" whose fossilized bones, found in 1932, are believed to date back about 15,000 to 20,000 years, and whose necklace was made of shell originating likewise in the Gulf of Mexico. Copper from the Lake Superior region has been found in mounds all thru the Midwest. Recently at Oconto, Wisconsin, copper was found in a mound in association with charcoal. The charcoal was tested by carbon 14 and gave a date of 5600, plus or minus 400 — which means humans inhabited that place as early as 3200 B.C.

While humans seem to have done a lot of traveling around at an early period, the people who were up at Aztalan, Wisconsin, in 1000 A.D. do not appear to have been Aztecs.

HENRIETTE MERTZ,
Peoria, Illinois

December 1954



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Chicago

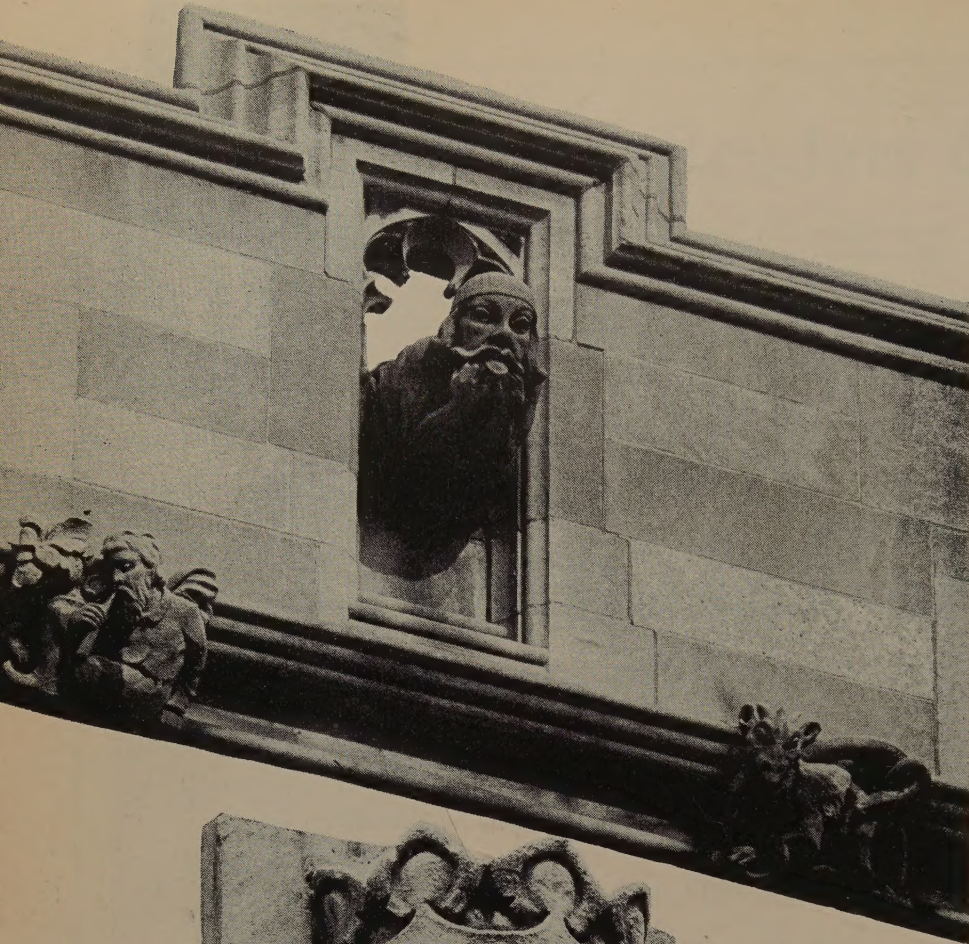


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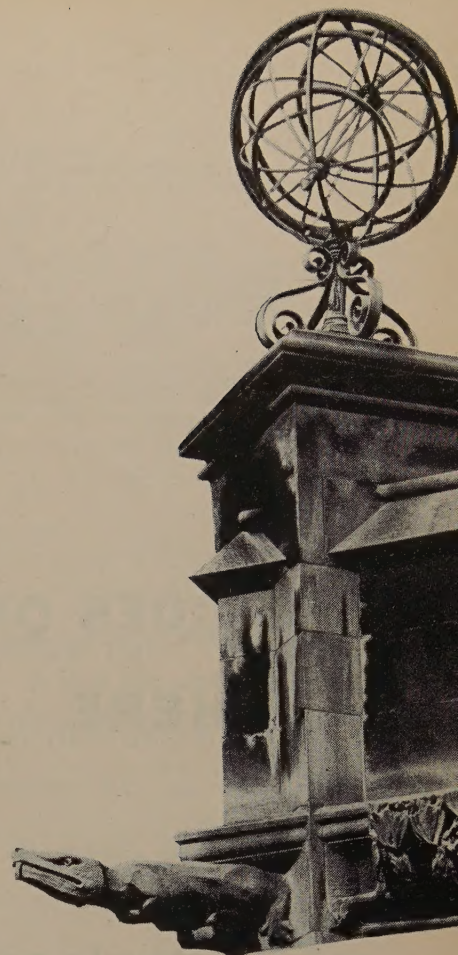
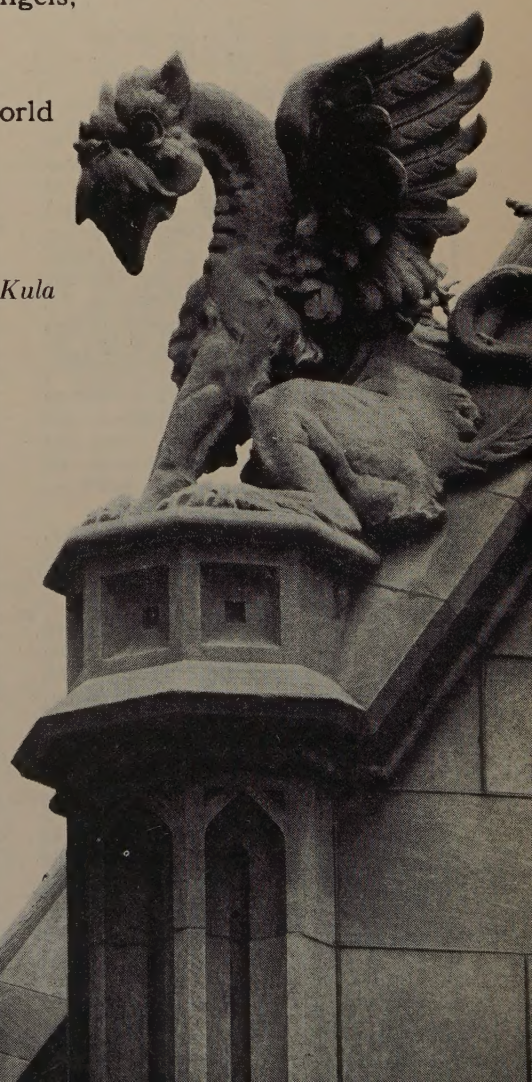
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Phantasmagoria in Stone

• • • a Gothic spawn of angels,
imps and cacodaemons haunts the University of Chicago
quadrangles—alien witnesses staring from Dante's world
into that of Enrico Fermi.

photos by Zdenek Pivecka . . . design by Elsa Kula



WHAT

GOES ON HERE



listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Ralph Bellamy and Joan Gray show what happens to a psychiatrist who forgets to be clinical about romance. Opens Dec. 6. Thru Dec. 25, nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30; thereafter, nightly, mat. Sat. **Pajama Tops**, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). Comedy with Diana Barrymore and Robert Wilcox. Nightly, 8:30 p.m.; mat. Sat., 2:30.

The King and I, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Sumptuous Rodgers and Hammerstein adaptation of "Anna and the King of Siam," with Yul Brynner and Patricia Morison. Nightly except Sun., 8:20; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:20.

Pardon Our Antenna, Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Olsen and Johnson versus television. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Extravaganza, in the full meaning of the word. With Robert Helpmann, Moira Shearer, Stanley Holloway and Mendelssohn's music. Also 13 tons of scenery, a 60-piece orchestra, corps de ballet of 28 and 42 actors. Closes Dec. 5. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat. & Sun., 2:30.

Saint Joan, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). George Bernard Shaw's dry-eyed look at Joan of Arc and her opposition. Jean Arthur plays the title role; Sam Jaffe is the Inquisitor. Closes Dec. 4. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). Still the only

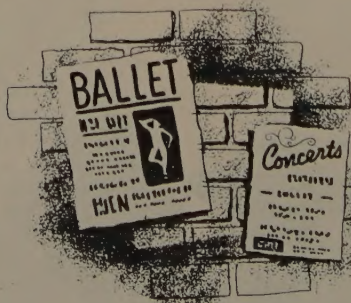
movie in town with a parking lot named for it. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat. Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Playwrights theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Thru Dec. 5, "Shakuntala"; Dec. 7-19, "Rich but Happy"; beginning Dec. 21, "A Time for Laughter" (three short plays, including "The Grand Prize," by Sholom Aleichem). Nightly except Mon. Tue.-Sat., 8:30; Sun., 7:30. On Mon., programs of live folk music, poetry readings and drama recitals.

DANCE

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). The re-organized company, with Maria Tallchief as prima ballerina. Dec. 25 thru Jan. 2. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat. & Sun., 2:30.



MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. **Dec.: 2** (Thu.) & **3** (Fri.), Fritz Reiner, cond., Irmgard Seefried, soprano, soloist; "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Mozart; aria, "With Verdure Clad," Haydn; three songs from "Das Marienleben," Hindemith; Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"), Beethoven. **9** (Thu.) & **10** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Rudolf Serkin, piano, soloist; overture, "The Consecration of the House," Beethoven; Concerto No. 20 in D, Mozart; Symphony No. 3 ("Scotch"), Mendelssohn. **11** (Sat.), Reiner, cond.; overture, "The Consecration of the House, Beethoven; "Death and Transfiguration," Strauss; Dance, Debussy; "The Fountains of Rome," Respighi; overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner. **14** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Rudolf Serkin, piano, soloist; Suite, Opus 87, Tchaikovsky; Piano Concerto No. 4, Beethoven; "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Strauss. **16** (Thu.) & **17** (Fri.), Reiner, cond.; Suite, Opus 87, Tchaikovsky; Concerto for Four Horns, Schumann; Symphony after Byron's "Manfred," Tchaikovsky. **18** (Sat.), Nicolai Malko, cond.; overture to "Semiramide," Rossini; Prelude and Love-Death, Wagner; suite, "The Love for Three Oranges," Prokofiev; Symphony No. 5 ("Romeo and Juliet"), Tchaikovsky. **23** (Thu.) & **24** (Fri.), Reiner, cond.; prelude to "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; sinfonia and chorale from the Christmas cantata, Bach; Symphony No. 6 ("Pastoral"), Beethoven; overture to "The

Beautiful Galatea," von Suppe; "Carousel" waltz, Rodgers; "American Salute," Gould. **28** (Tue.), Josef Krips, cond.; overture to "Der Freischutz," von Weber; Symphony No. 1, Schumann; Symphony No. 4, Brahms. **30** (Thu.) & **31** (Fri.), Reiner, cond.; Symphony No. 38 ("Prague"), Mozart; Symphony No. 7, Schumann. (Programs subject to change.) **Allied Arts concerts**, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **Dec.: 4**, 8:30 p.m., Robert Shaw chorale and orchestra; **5**, 3:30 p.m., Marian Anderson, contralto; **10**, 8:30, Yma Sumac and company; **19**, 3:30, Artur Rubenstein, piano.

Community Symphony orchestra (CE 6-3445). Dec. 5, 3:30 p.m., Thorne hall, Lake Shore & Superior; Jorie Garrigue, violin, and Ethel Ayler, soprano, soloists. Dec. 12, 3:30, Corpus Christi high school auditorium, 4600 South Park; Ethel Ayler, soprano, soloist.

Chicago Chorale, Orchestra hall, Dec. 3, 8:15 p.m. Choral concert.

Grace Cresswell, contralto, Mandel hall, U. of Chicago, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). Dec. 3, 8:30 p.m. Recital of ballads, songs and "white spirituals" of the southern Appalachian region.

Willard Straight, piano, Orchestra hall, Dec. 7, 8:30 p.m.

Swedish Choral club, Orchestra hall, Dec. 12, 3:30 p.m.

Eastman Symphonic Woodwind ensemble, Orchestra hall, Dec. 17, 8:15 p.m.

Apollo club, Orchestra hall, Dec. 28, 8:15 p.m. Handel's "Messiah," accompanied by members of the Chicago Symphony orchestra.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Int'l Livestock exposition and Horse show, Int'l amphitheater, 43rd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Thru Dec. 4, all day. Judging and exhibition of prize livestock.



World Travel festival, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). Dec. 10 thru 12, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Second annual exhibition, directed by Lolita Linn. Continuous showings of travel movies and exhibits of foreign foods, handicrafts and customs are intended to encourage wanderlust. Free.

Christmas Flower show, Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). Dec. 19 thru Jan. 2, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Annual park district displays of poinsettias and other seasonal blooms. **Hollywood Ice revue**, Chicago stadium, 1800 w. Madison (SE 3-5300). Opens Dec. 25. Evenings, with mat. Sun.

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ATLANTIC FIVE 7759

Illinois Tech Prep Basketball tournament, Int'l amphitheater. Dec. 27 thru Jan. 1, 8th annual public high school tourney. **27 & 28**, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; **29**, 1 to 9 p.m.; **30**, 2:30, 3, 7:30 & 9 p.m.; **31**, 1:30 & 3:30 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art thru Travel series**, Sun., 2:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **Dec.: 5 & 12**, "From Luxor to Athens," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson; **19**, "April in Paris," Addis Osborne. **Wednesday noon series**, 12:30 to 1 p.m., free. **Dec.: 3**, 61st American exhibition.

Anshe Emet forum, Solomon Goldman auditorium, 4040 Sheridan (BU 1-1423). Dec. 7, 8:30 p.m., "Who Is Winning the Cold War? — What I Saw Behind the Iron Curtain," Marguerite Higgins.

U. of Chicago lectures, U. of Chicago campus (MI 3-0800). Dec. 3, 4:30 p.m., Social Sciences Research building, "The Experience of the Elizabethan Playhouse," Robert Speaight. Dec. 6, 8:30 p.m., Oriental Institute, "Oliver Wendell Holmes," Francis Biddle. Both free.

University college, U. of Chicago, 19 s. La Salle (DE 2-7245). **Israel Today series**: Dec. 2, "The Armed Forces of Israel," Col. Basil Herman; **The Good Life series**: Dec. 3, "Individual Responsibility in Increasingly Bureaucratized Society," Kermit Eby (116 s. Michigan); **Poet Speaks series**: Dec. 10, Galway Kinnell; **Works of the Mind series**: Dec. 17, "Sophocles: Antigone," Meyer W. Isenberg (116 s. Michigan). 8 p.m.

World Travel Adventure forum, Kimball hall. Dec. 5, "Sheep, Stars and Solitude," Francis Line; Dec. 19, "Paris," Curtis F. Nagel. 2:30 & 5 p.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **New exhibits**: Dec. 1, Carl Kempe collection of Chinese gold and silver from late Chou thru Ch'ing dynasties, gallery H-4b; Dec. 3, recent acquisitions of Chinese paintings, sculpture, lacquers and ceramics, gallery H-9; **Continuing**: thru Dec. 5, 61st American exhibition: paintings and sculpture, east wing galleries; thru Dec. 13, recent paintings by Mark Rothko, gallery of art interpreta-

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tion; thru Jan. 1, Japanese prints by Kitagawa Utamaro, gallery H-5; thru Jan. 1, photographs by Brassai, French documentary photographer, gallery 5; thru Jan. 3, Peruvian pottery and metal work of ancient date, gallery L-4; thru April, tapestries, 1500-1800, from the museum collection, gallery A-1. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Chicago Public library. Michigan & Randolph (CE 6-5821). Randolph st. corridor:

Photographs by Wallace Kirkland, "Life" photographer. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m. Art dept.; Hand bookbinding, and advertising art by George McVicker. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.

Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Paintings by Georges Mathieu and Pierre Soulages. Daily except Sun., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Institute of Design, 632 n. Dearborn (DE 7-4688). Thru Dec. 3, Dutch graphic art;

Dec. 9-31, student independent show. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., except Wed. to 6 p.m.

414 Art workshop, 419 n. State (SU 7-1988). Work in all media by Art Students league of Art Institute. Mon.-Fri., 2 to 10 a.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Picasso's graphic art, a survey with examples from all periods. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Riccardo's restaurant, 437 n. Rush (SU 7-2874). Pupils of Harry Mintz. 11:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Marshall Field galleries, 111 n. State (ST 1-1000, ext. 2213). Recent paintings by Gertrude Abercrombie; paintings by Ernest Albert Land. Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.

Stevens-Gross galleries, 620 n. Michigan (SU 7-0914). Dec. 6, paintings by Laura Harvey. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sidney Rafelson gallery, 56 e. Walton (WH 3-2594). Group show: Robert Watson, Charles Reinicke, Donald Peters and Donald Stewart. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m. to 9 a.m.; Sat. to 5 p.m.

Well of the Sea gallery, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). Thru Dec., paintings of clowns by Veres.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Dec. show: "Star of Bethlehem." Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Continuing special exhibit: American photography, 1845-65. Top floor, three galleries. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free Mon.-Sat.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m. Free.



CHICAGO EVANSTON OAK PARK EVERGREEN GARY JOLIET ALTON

Coming in the January issue of **Chicago**

- Our Incomplete Subway Stations
and how to finish them
- Indian Trail Markers
along the North Shore
- The Tragic Hero of
Chicago Architecture

On news-stands the last Thursday in December



George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Specializes in medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Thru Dec. 12, Christmas Around the World programs, showing Christmastide customs of various nationalities. Stage presentations in west wing theater at 2, 3:30, 7 and 8:30 p.m. daily. Museum hours, except for

Christmas programs: Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, botany, geology and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Near East civilizations. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun

TELEVISION

sunday

Adventure (2:30 p.m., Channel 2). A visual wondering-out-loud about what makes man what he is—and sometimes why.

Omnibus (4 p.m., 2). A Sunday magazine—with big pictures, lots of stories and a few gags. Occasional editorials.

Spectacular (6:30 p.m., 5). Dec. 5, Max Liebman epic. Songs and dances a cut above those of the late Show of Shows, which Liebman directed, but the comedy sadly unfunny. Color, if you can afford it.

monday

Producers Showcase (7 p.m., 5). Some of the theater's top directors have taken flings at making this hour and a half interesting. One of the better arguments for buying color.

tuesday

Elgin TV Hour, alternating with **Steel Hour** (8:30 p.m., 7). Two of the more dependable items in TV's overflowing drama bazaar.

See It Now (9:30 p.m., 2). A diligent reporter, Edward R. Murrow, aims CBS cameras at the world.

wednesday

Disneyland (6:30 p.m., 7). Old and new creations from the fabulous Walt Disney workshop.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra (8 p.m., 9). A great cast with the best of scripts.

Best of Broadway (9 p.m., 2). Abridged retakes of box office plays, with a marquee bulging with famous names. Dec. 8, in color.

thursday

Climax (7:30 p.m., 2). Solidly directed theater, mostly Hollywood style. More names.

Shower of Stars (7:30 p.m., 2). Dec. 23, color version of Dickens' "The Christmas Carol," adapted by Maxwell Anderson with music by Bernard Herrmann. Basil Rathbone haunts Fredric March.

friday

Person to Person (9:30 p.m., 2). Murrow's cameras swing from events to the people who make headlines—and often to some who don't.

saturday

NCAA Football (7). Dec. 4, Southern Methodist and Notre Dame in the television windup of the collegiate season.

Mr. Wizard (5 p.m., 5). Fascinating time for experimenters—any generation.

George Gobel (9 p.m., 5). At last—a critics' comedian who gets laughs.

Spectacular (8 p.m., 5). Dec. 18. At least it's big. Color.

SPORTS

pro football

Bears, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (DE 2-5400). Dec. 12, Detroit. 1:05 p.m.

Cardinals, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 2-9334). Dec. 5, Chicago Bears. 1:05 p.m.

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6:05 FINAL
● 6:05 pm ●



ALEX DREIER
NEWS FEATURES
● 6:20 pm ●



JOE WILSON
SPORTS
● 6:10 pm ●



TONY WEITZEL
TOWN CRIER
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college basketball

De Paul, De Paul univ. gymnasium, 2219 Sheffield (DI 8-4340). **Dec.: 2**, Kalamazoo; **4**, Minnesota (Chicago stadium doubleheader); **7**, Illinois State Normal; **14**, Quincy; **17**, Taylor; **28**, Lawrence

Tech; **30**, Manhattan. 8 p.m.
Loyola, Loyola univ. fieldhouse, 6525 Sheridan (BR 4-3000). **Dec.: 1**, Elmhurst; **4**, U. of Iowa (Chicago stadium doubleheader); **6**, N. Dakota State; **11**, Ripon; **20**, Western Michigan; **22**, S. Dakota State; **30**, Drake. 8 p.m.



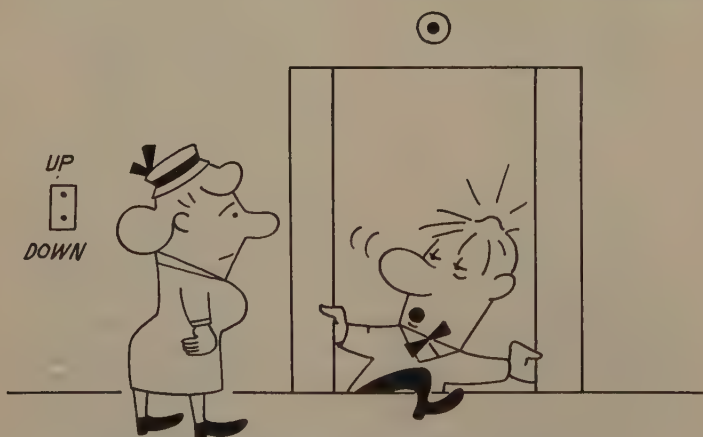
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Northwestern, McGaw fieldhouse, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). **Dec.: 4**, Western Michigan; **18**, Tulane; **20**, Louisiana State; **27**, Butler; **31**, Princeton. 8 p.m.

pro hockey

Black Hawks, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). **Dec.: 2**, Boston; **12**, Detroit; **18**, Montreal; **19**, Boston. 8:30 p.m.



FOR THE CHILDREN

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Slide talk and feature film programs. **Museum mornings**, Sat., 10 a.m.; subject **Dec. 4 & 11**: "From Fort to Fire," Chicago's growth from frontier outpost to metropolis, with films "Johnny Appleseed" and "The Littlest Angel." **Weekday assemblies**, Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers with classes (by reservation); **Dec. 1**, "Chicago Destiny" and film "The Littlest Angel." **Dec. 8**, "The Struggle for Independence," with color film "The American Revolution." Free. **Museum of Science & Industry**, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Thru Jan. 1, annual display of Christmas trees of different nations, in main lobby. Thru Dec. 12, stage presentations in west wing theater of Christmas programs showing different national customs. The cafeteria daily will feature a national dish of the country whose customs are depicted. Performances at 2, 3:30, 7 & 8:30 p.m. Mon.-Fri., with an additional performance at 5 p.m. Sat. & Sun. Schedule of national days: **Dec.: 1**, Czechoslovakia; **2**, Mexico; **3**, Germany; **4**, Lithuania; **5**, Sweden; **6**, Italy at 3 & 5, Croatia at 7 & 8:30. **7**, Japan at 3 & 5, France at 7 & 8:30; **8**, Ireland; **9**, Ukraine; **10**, Netherlands; **11**, China at 2 & 3:30, Britain at 5, 7 & 8:30. **12**, United States. Advance reservations may be obtained by teachers who wish to bring classes to daytime programs, and by parents and children for any performance. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Free.

theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr., (CE 6-2337). Weekends thru Dec. 19, "Heidi," Sat., 2:30 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m. "Beauty and the Beast," three special Christmas holiday performances: Dec. 23, 29 & 30, 2:30 p.m.

Jack and Jill players, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Dec. 28 & 29, 10:30 a.m.

parks

Afternoon and evening programs for children will be offered at neighborhood parks during the Christmas school holiday. Consult local parks for schedules.

NIGHT LIFE

(Most night clubs and entertainment rendezvous offer special New Year's eve programs at special prices.)

Balinese Room, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan (HA 7-4300). All the more pleasant for the music of the Hal Otis & George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Dancing from 9:30. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.50; dinner \$2.75-\$4.

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Dec. 22: Robert Clary of "New Faces" fame. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch \$.95-\$2.60; dinner \$2.95-\$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Phyllis Branch and Count Daville star in a month-long calypso jamboree. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Dinner \$1.75-\$3.75. \$2.50 minimum.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). The zodiac is put on ice in the current show by a group of flashy skaters headed by Margie Lee. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from \$3.25. \$2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Lush rendezvous with dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American rhythms. Noon to

2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., \$3 minimum.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music for dancing in a Dorothy Draper setting. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.50; dinner \$5-\$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). The venerable Joe E. Lewis opens Dec. 28, along with Peggy Lee. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2:15 a.m. Dinner \$3.50-\$4.75; \$5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style, with music by Frank York, his orchestra and violin. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.65-\$1.95; dinner \$4.50-\$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer House, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Hildegard demonstrates her incomparability most of this month. Closed Dec. 24 thru 26. Reopens Dec. 27 with Spanish music group, Los Chevaes de Espana. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Lunch from \$2; dinner from \$4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" play toe-tapping or tender tunes for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from \$3.50.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 w. Washington (VA 6-7600). Appealing to palate, purse and pleasure. 11 a.m.



The incomparable Hildegard and Jack Whitling team up for a new bit of entertainment history at the Empire Room of the Palmer House. Vocalists Howard Fenton and Gene Bone, and violin accompanist Robert Norris are all part of the Hildegard group — also in the show, the Empire Eight dancers and Charlie Fisk's orchestra.

The Empire Room will close Dec. 24, 25 and 26. A new show, starring "Los Chavales de Espana," the musical "kids from Spain," with dancer Trini Reyes, opens Dec. 27 for a gala NEW YEAR'S EVE show.

Call "FRITZ" RA-6-7722 shows at 8:30 and 12:00 nightly

Empire
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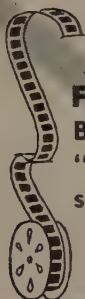
- Fascinating exhibits from all the world—a marvelous opportunity to plan your next vacation.
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- Music! Color! The romance of far-away lands!

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to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Dancing to Rudy Austin's music after 8:30, except Sun. & Mon. Lunch \$.90-\$1.50; dinner \$1.85-\$3. **Marine Dining Room**, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 Sheridan (LO 1-6000). Closed for remodeling during Dec.

The Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Ceaseless entertainment by comic-pianist Aaron Leifer and singing waiters. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Dinner \$1.75-\$3.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Celebrity hang-out of elegance, with David Le Winter's orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner, \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., \$3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 W. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and violin against an Alpine background. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$3.50-\$6.

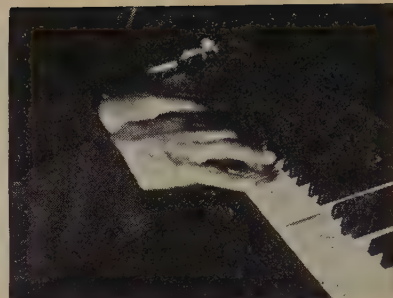
jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). In this hive, cats of a feather hop together. Wardell Gray is booked in for the end of the month. A possibility is Clifford Brown, West Coast trumpeter

who is between the late Fats Navarro and Miles Davis. Charley "Yardbird" Parker and Stan Getz also may be persuaded to come. Johnny Gilmore and his quartet play on Wednesday. Jam session Monday. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Tue. No cover or min.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Thru Dec. 4, an all-star group of wailing jivesters whose moon was high in the Forties get together—Bill Harris, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor sax, and Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge, trumpet and rhythm section. Beginning Dec. 22, Woody Herman's frantic 16 spread the gospel. Dig his down bass trumpet man, Cy Touff, a Chicago lad. Food is served, from \$1.50 to \$3. \$3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister Inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Beginning to feature some of the fine stuff. Ralph Sharon, who plays piano in the Shearing-Brubeck style, will be there until early this month. Watch for one long overlooked: Lurlene Hunter, who has a relaxed and musical voice of genuine taste. No food,



cover or minimum.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). In this temple of Dixieland, practitioners of the hot are owner Bill Reinhardt on clarinet, Harry Graves on trombone, Max Hook on piano, Doc Cenardo on drums and Marty Marsala on trumpet. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. Besides \$2 min., coat and tie are necessary to get in. Unescorted women not admitted.

Mambo City, 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). Expanded from weekends to five nights a week. Emilio Reyes and orchestra, with their new intricacies from the other America, show where Dizzy Gillespie got his Latin sounds. 8:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sat. to 4:30 a.m.; Tue. & Thu. are off nights. No cover or min. Downstairs in the **Preview lounge**, Herbie Fields and his six make like a big, stomping band of the Thirties, beginning Dec. 22.

Streamliner, 540 Madison (AN 3-6374). For those who grow limp at the songs of simple folk, Katie Lee's voice and guitar will do nicely. Lucille Reed and Jimmy Bowman fill in with songs and piano, respectively. Tue.-Fri. (\$2 min.) 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m.; Sat. (\$2.50 min.), 9 p.m. to 5 a.m.; no music Sun. & Mon.

DINING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbage, Thüringer sausage, other German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch \$1-\$2.50; dinner \$1.75-\$4.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch \$1-\$1.75; dinner \$2.45-\$3.40.

Cafe Bellini, 1014 Rush (MO 4-6397). A sedate little coffeehouse with a 19th century Italian decor, which serves a variety of coffee concoctions, pastries and sandwich snacks. Noon to 2 a.m.; closed Mon.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch \$1.35-\$1.65; dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.

Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn (WH 4-5620). Delectable French fare in a gay Gallic setting. Open from 4 p.m. Dinner \$4-\$6.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-7200). Possibly the finest sea food in town. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Continental Gourmet restaurant, 1508 e. 57th (PL 2-9355). A new restaurant in the U. of Chicago area. Menu is limited to half a dozen entrees, with a new nationality dish every night. 4:30 to 10:30 p.m.; closed Mon. \$1.75-\$2.50.

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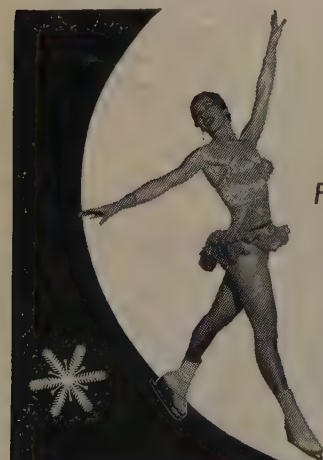
Frankie Masters and his orchestra
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The
SPARKLING NEW
Boulevard Room



Grecian Terrace, 55 w. Washington (RA 6-0637). A good Loop restaurant where there's plenty of room at lunch time. Greek specialties include avgolemeno soup, taramosalata (fish roe) and assorted kebabs and pelafs. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from \$1.15; dinner from \$2.25.

Henrici's, 7 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food and generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$2.50-\$5.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch \$.75-\$2; dinner \$1.55-\$4.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old-time restaurant devoted exclusively to sea food. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner \$2-\$5.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch \$1.70-\$2.60, dinner \$3.80-\$6.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord is a ritual here. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m.; 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch \$2-\$3.50; dinner \$3.50-\$6.

Park Row, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). The usual Hilton fare amid pleasant surroundings. 7:30 a.m. to midnight. Lunch \$1.65-\$2; dinner \$2.65-\$3.50.

Ricketts, 103 e. Chicago (WH 4-9500). A well-attended spot, open 24 hours. Lunch \$.75-\$1.25; dinner \$1.65-\$3.

Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). A dim room with deep-sea menu and decor. Noon to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9 p.m. Lunch \$1.60-\$2.25; dinner a la carte.

Yunker's, 51 e. Chicago (WH 4-0369). An agreeable Near North Side landmark. Daily, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch from \$.60; dinner from \$1.10.

way out

Allgauer's, 6666 Ridge (BR 4-6666). Wide selection of excellent dishes, including wild game in season. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.45-\$1.90; dinner \$2.45-\$2.95. Also, **Allgauer's Fireside**, 7200 Lincoln, Lincolnwood (JU 8-8600).

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop share the setting of a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Colonial Homestead, 9101 Waukegan rd., Morton Grove (OR 3-3780). Good food in a friendly, relaxing atmosphere. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1-\$2.50; dinner \$2.50-\$4.50, mainly a la carte.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing, other dishes all live up to their widespread fame. 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.

Hank's, Rts. 41 & 120, Waukegan (DE 6-0515). A better-than-average roadside dining place, with music nightly, dancing Sat. 9 a.m. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1-\$1.50; dinner \$2.25-\$5.25.

Honey Bear Farm, Genoa City, Wis. Hearty meals featuring fresh produce. Special dressings and sauces to take home.

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West



illustrated by Carl Schranz

of the Water Tower

Pong ping, for example

A department store in the Lincoln-Belmont area has released for publication the following quote from one of the store's managers:

"I am a firm believer in employe activities that foster comradeship and a corp d'esprit amongst our people."

Fireproof baptism

His first political campaign was not an easy one for Joseph D. Lohman, the new sheriff of Cook county. Not only did he have to overcome opposition charges that he had said poverty breeds crime and that he had insulted policemen's wives as a group. He also had to turn the roof of the Merchandise Mart into a rainbow of colored crepe paper.

The latter task arose in connection with a \$50-a-plate dinner tendered Lohman during the campaign by the citizens group backing him. Under the chairmanship of Mrs. R. Sargent Shriver, a committee planned imaginative

decorations without precedent at a political banquet. The bold project was carried out, too, but not without difficulty matching its novelty.

First there was the matter of the donkeys. These party symbols were cut out of plywood dotted with round holes. Plans called for running sticks thru the holes and festooning the rods with campaign buttons shaped like stars. But the day before the dinner it was discovered that the holes were a little too small to accommodate the sticks. So the committee fell to work with bits increasing the diameter of the holes.

There was the matter of the stars. When they arrived it was discovered that they had six points, instead of the five usually associated with law enforcement badges.

There was the matter of the deserts. These consisted of balls of orange sherbet suspended from the branches of plastic trees carried by the waiters. The guest had to pick the "fruit" along with the metal hook imbedded in it and looped over the branch. Then he had to exercise caution against devouring the hook along with the orange ice.

Finally, there was the matter of the

crepe paper. The event was held in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Sherman, which has a narrow balcony on all four sides. It was Mrs. Shriver's idea to run strips of crepe paper in a truly formidable variety of colors across the width of the big room thru-out the length of the dining area.

The paper streamers were duly obtained and committee members were about to start installing them the night before the dinner when the management of the hotel intervened. The city code, it was pointed out, forbids hanging inflammable decorations.



Time for rectifying this defect was short, but not, as it turned out, prohibitively so. Mrs. Shriver's husband is assistant general manager of the Merchandise Mart, and the vast resources of that great institution were brought into play.

On the morning of the dinner the building's display department sprayed the long streamers with fireproofing goo, and the afternoon found them stretched out on the roof to dry. Shortly before the fruit salad was served the last one was hung in the ballroom, and the future sheriff's admirers consumed their roast beef under a blanket of varicolored elegance.



A business specialist looks at Christmas

Santa Claus stood by his chimney at the corner of State and Van Buren on a busy Monday evening. He shouted enthusiastically "Thank you" and "Merry Christmas" to those who dropped in coins.

A Negro woman came walking along with her small boy. The little fellow evidently hadn't seen Santa standing at the corner of the building, for when the old gentleman leaned down from his height and said, "Here, Johnny, want to ring Santa's bell?" Johnny whooped in terror and leaped for his mother's knees. All that could be seen from behind her coat were his great, frightened eyes.

Santa Claus laughed and resumed plying his bell. "Got to be careful, you know. Can't force yourself on the tots. Might give 'em a complex."

"Santa, what name do you go by in the off season?"

"Everybody calls me Whitey. Ugh!" he spat and hastily rearranged his whiskers, settling them finally with a considerable list to port. "Blame stuff — they want us to keep it up under our nose and when you talk you get a mouthful of hair."

"Whitey, you seem to do pretty well with the kids. What's your secret?"

He waggled in pleased embarrassment, his veined cheeks rising over the white hedge. The watery blue eyes crinkled. "I've been told I got a good personality. Pretty hard to project it,

tho, with this—" he yanked down the beard and shoved out a toothless jaw, bringing it up over the upper one. "Pretty good they give me whiskers." He let go of the beard and it snapped up to his nose. He gingerly resettled both nose and whiskers.

"What's your work during the year, Whitey?"

"I'm a business specialist. Travel around the country a lot. I bet I've met more people in the states than anyone else." But he didn't clarify the term "business specialist."

"Do you have a family?"

"Oh, yeah, I sired two. Wife's off somewhere now." He turned suddenly and pulled the beard down below his chin, much to the gaping astonishment of several passing youngsters. "Kidnapping and ransom. They call it divorce and alimony these days. Wife's been off traipsing for 20 years. Hah! They tried to stick old Whitey for alimony, huh? Well, they never found him!" Zing! went the whiskers back up the face.

A solemn little boy about five, stocking cap pulled down to his eyes, went trailing past on his mother's hand. "Here, little boy, want to ring Santa's bell?"

The boy maintained the flat expression of a traffic cop. He took the bell by the handle and raised his arm and lowered it a couple times. The clapper lay flat on its side. "Here, faster, Johnny." Santa joggled the boy's arm and got a spasmodic tinkle.

"My name isn't Johnny." The boy trotted off in tow of his mother. Santa

shrugged his red shoulders and muttered something very un-Santa-like behind his beard.

"How will you spend Christmas, Whitey?"

"Oh, a little of this and a little of that, I guess. I hope big Santa drops a few quarts of wine in my stocking."

"Do you get much out of this job?"

"Oh, it's a great place to study human nature. You'd be amazed how it equalizes people in your eyes. Black, white, short, tall — they're all God's people. Women go by all day long with mink coats on their backs and they never drop in a cent, but you'll get some poor bent-over old lady who'll come up and can't speak a word of English and she'll put in a nickel. Yes sir, separates the wheat from the chaff in my book. That what you mean?"

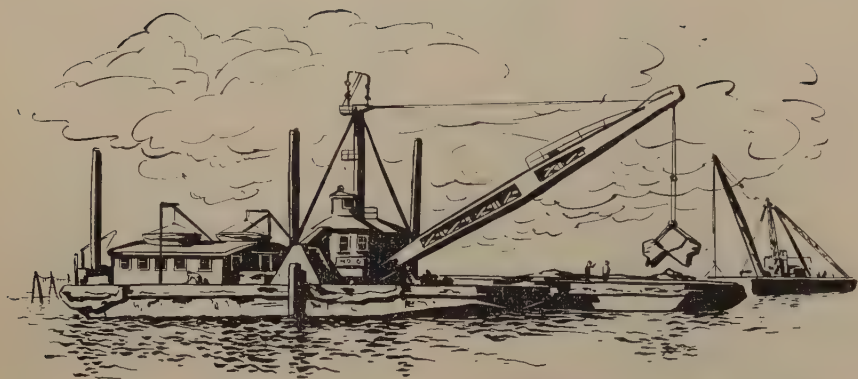
"Well, yes, but what about the pay on this job?"

"Oh, it's all right. But I'm sure glad this is one job that comes only once a year, cause there sure isn't any future in it."

Passing strange

The east end of North avenue is a wondrous place. A resident of the 200 block reports the following phenomena within the space of a week:

A little boy went down the street carrying, by the wing tips, a bat that was spread to full span in front of him. Another boy, about seven years old, was touring the block one night at 11 o'clock, knocking on doors and inquiring whether anyone wanted to buy some earrings. A third lad came along the sidewalk leading a little girl by the hand — the girl had a cardboard box with no holes in it on her head. Then a man walked down the street with a big green plant sticking out of his side pocket. At a tavern down near the "L," two things happened. Two white-haired men, 60 or so, got up and did a wildly energetic Old Country dance that lasted longer than it looked as tho it could. And the organist was accompanied by a chap who tamped the floor with a heavy pole about seven feet high with a cymbal on top of it.



See what the Plymouths in the back room will have

Both man and his four-wheeled friends can find antidotes for the wintry blasts at the liquor store on Maxwell at Halsted. On a rear counter are stacked gallon cans of Zerex anti-freeze.

Connie Mack's pinch hitter

Arnold M. Johnson, as a corollary to his dogged quest for the major league baseball impresariopship of Kansas City, has succeeded in erasing his name from the list of mystery men of industry. Not that he ever sought to class himself as a mystery man or, having been so classified, sought declassification. But there just aren't very many mystery men of industry left these days, and it's noteworthy when a good one falls from the dwindling ranks to be revealed as a friendly, straightforward chap who answers his own phone when he's around and practically never says "no comment."

In most of the years since the war Johnson's name has appeared in print infrequently but tellingly, the appearances having been precipitated by his purchase of such remarkable pieces of real estate as Yankee stadium. But it was not until he offered \$3,375,000 for the Philadelphia Athletics—the sort of gesture that only a man with \$3,375,001 can make with dignity—

that the name became a household word, or at least a Hot Stove league one.

The players who represent the City of Brotherly Love in the American League are an assortment of unskilled laborers. The attempt to transform them into a winning team is a considerable risk. It's notable that Johnson, the 47-year-old native Chicagoan who has undertaken this task, reached his present affluence not as a speculator but as a shrewd investor.

He is a University of Chicago graduate who attended law school on the Midway for a year and has since kept the wolf increasingly far from the threshold by such expedients as accounting, stock trading, banking and serving as a navy officer.

Lately, in addition to contending with various contingents of Philadelphians unaccountably bent on keeping the Athletics there, Johnson has been serving as vice-chairman of the Automatic Canteen Company of America.

Much of his tycoonship apprenticeship was spent with the City National Bank and Trust Co., where he worked for about 20 years, less time in service. Johnson was not untraveled in the labyrinthine passageways of corporate finance when he joined the bank, and he soon revealed a happy facility for reorganizing firms which had been roughly handled by the Depression. He became a specialist in that field, and in many instances invested in ailing companies which he had medicated, the efficacy of his treatments being attested to by the growth of his personal wealth.

After World War II the aspiring Connie Mack of the prairies turned his financial attentions toward ac-

cumulating local real estate, and obtained hundreds of properties by purchasing their defaulted bonds from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. That activity and his more recent purchase, with associates, of Yankee stadium were Johnson's most widely known fiscal maneuvers until he became involved in the bewildering intrigues that found the Athletics belonging to Philadelphia and Kansas City on alternate days.

Johnson had left the City National bank in 1953 in order to devote full time to his diverse investments; later on he joined the Automatic Canteen company, thus becoming associated with Nathaniel Leverone, its chairman and one of Johnson's fellow conspirators in the plot by which the Athletics were uprooted.

Johnson's apartment overlooking Belmont harbor houses another person of some national renown. Not long ago his wife, Carmen, was singled out by a journalistic umpire as one of the most attractive women in America.

It could have been worse

The big rain that struck the community in mid-October almost made political as well as meteorological history. If the downpour had continued just a little longer the Sanitary District would have had to choose between leaving the gates at the mouth of the river open, thereby polluting the water supply, and closing them, thus flooding all the buildings along the river. This dilemma—to poison the voters or to shut down all the newspapers—might well have been the thorniest one ever to confront a group of local elective office holders.

You can't eat your case and have it, too

In the Harmony cafeteria on Dearborn street, there's a sign posted beside the checker's machine at the end of the service line:

"Positively no recheck after food has been eaten."

Columbus' textbook

On the south side of Walton street between Clark and Dearborn lies a square named Washington and called Bughouse. This miniature meadow has long been an open-air temple dedicated to the worship and practice of free speech. The more devout exponents of that democratic art have, over the years, told some colorful tales of societies quite different from any their auditors have known or expect to

join while on this earth.

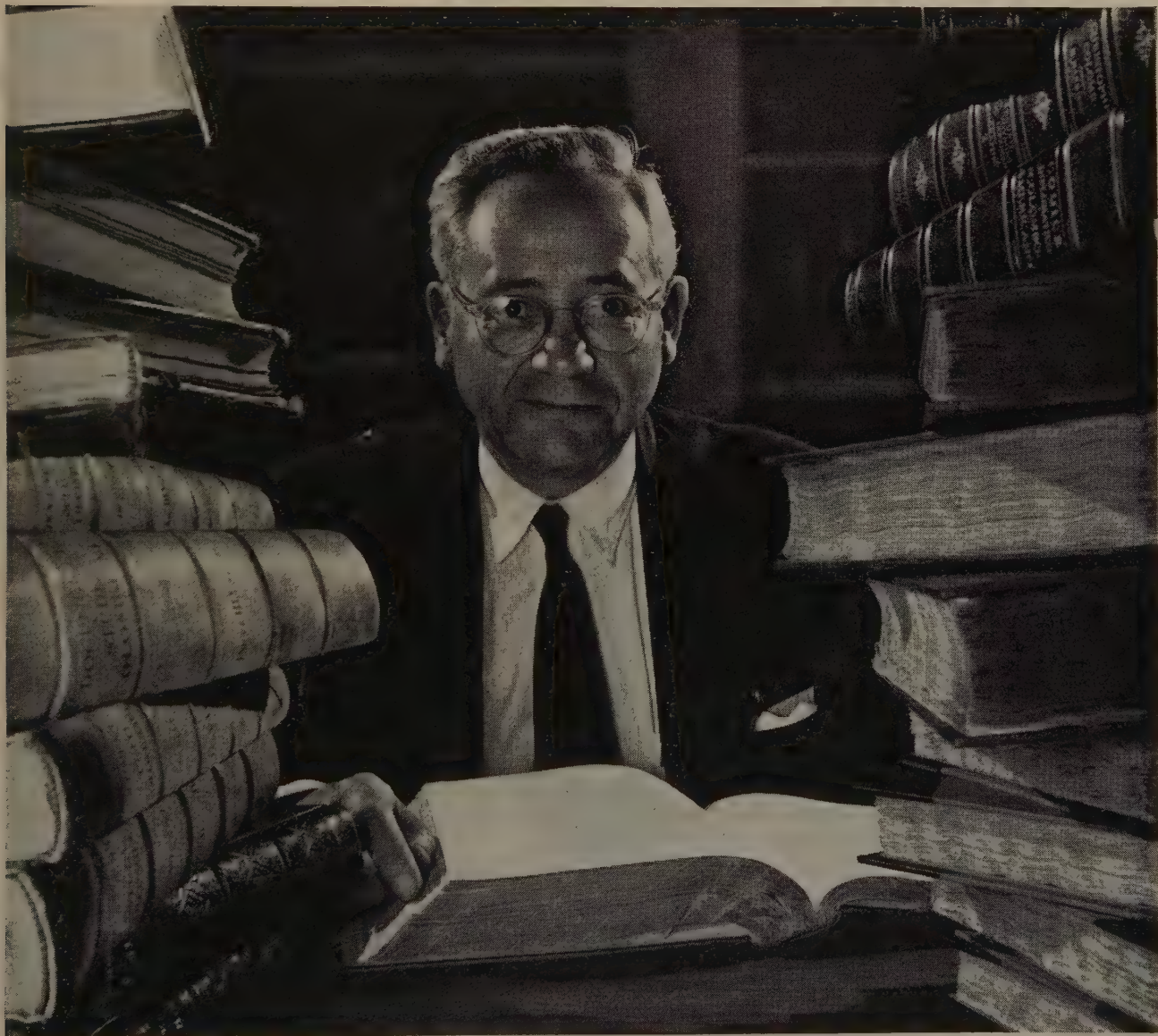
On the north side of Walton in this same block there resposes a kind of monument to a pioneer in this field. It is the Newberry library's outstanding collection of literature relevant to Marco Polo, the Burton Holmes of 13th century Venice, who, but for his timely death in 1324, would have marked his 700th birthday this year.

Marco was, of course, the youngest and most journalistically inclined of three Polos who made the first occidental visits to the Far East and liked

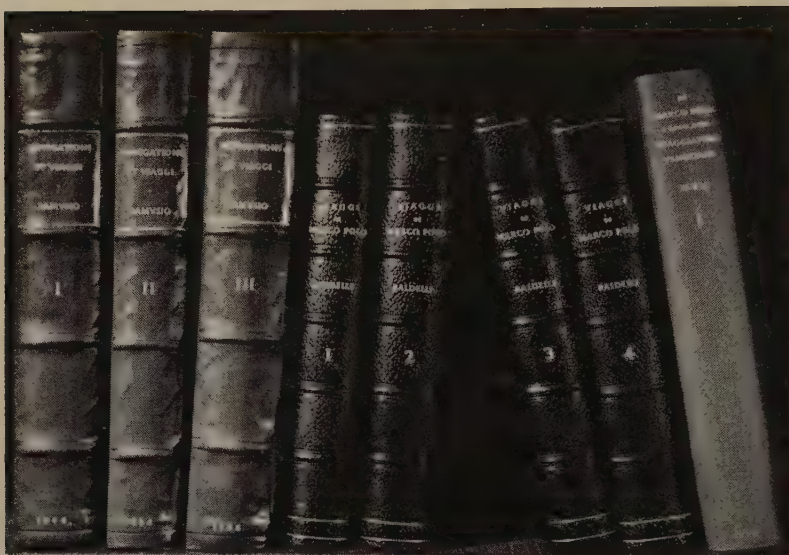
it so well they once stayed 24 years.

When the family got back to Venice the home town was engaged in its favorite avocation, making war on Genoa. With typical military perspicacity the general staff put land-traveling Marco in command of a ship, and he was soon captured and detained behind Genoese barbed wire. Cognizant of the fact that an idle mind is the devil's workshop, he devoted that period to dictating the story of his protracted Chinese junket.

This epic was later plagiarized, con-



Dr. Stanley Pargellis, librarian at Newberry, amid ponderous implements of his trade.



The four-volume *Viaggi di Marco Polo* by Baldelli, and Zurla's single tome on Marco's travels are more than a hundred years old, but they are recent works compared to the three-part Ramusio edition of 1606.



Departure of Nicolo and Maffeo Polo from Constantinople, as depicted in the *Book of Marvels*. They went east in 1260, came home in 1269, and took Marco along on their second trip two years later.



Kublai Khan and his party travel with the army in an early four-elephantpower version of the jeep.



The illustrator accepted as true Marco's hearsay story of dog-headed men practicing cannibalism in the Andaman islands.

densed, edited, adapted and translated into many forms and languages, gaining wide circulation and effect. The most influential version was Francisco Pipino's Latin translation of 1485, which is credited with spurring Columbus on his westward jaunt in search of the land of milk, pagodas and honey. He not only read the book, but made marginal notes on 76 of its pages. That very volume has been preserved, not here, but at a library in Seville. Newberry, however, has a photographic reproduction of a different copy of the same edition among

its more than 50 volumes on the peripatetic Polos in English, Latin, French, Spanish, Portugese and German.

Another of its reproductions is that of *Le Livre des Marveilles*, from which the pictorial excerpts shown here were taken. The original manuscript of this *Book of Marvels*, written in the 14th century, belongs to the French National library in Paris.

A valuable original item in the Newberry collection is the three-volume 1606 edition of Gian Battista Ramusio's *Delle Navigazione et Viaggi*.

Ramusio tells the ironic story of

how the Polos were finally recognized and accepted when they returned to Venice after their quarter-century in the realm of Kublai Khan. At first their relatives were suspicious of these men who had Tartar accents and were ragged from their long return trip.

Then the Polos decided to have a great feast and invite all the kinfolk. During the meal Marco, his father, Nicolo, and his uncle, Maffeo, put on and took off a succession of costly crimson robes made of satin, damask and velvet. After each change they cut up the discarded robes and dis-

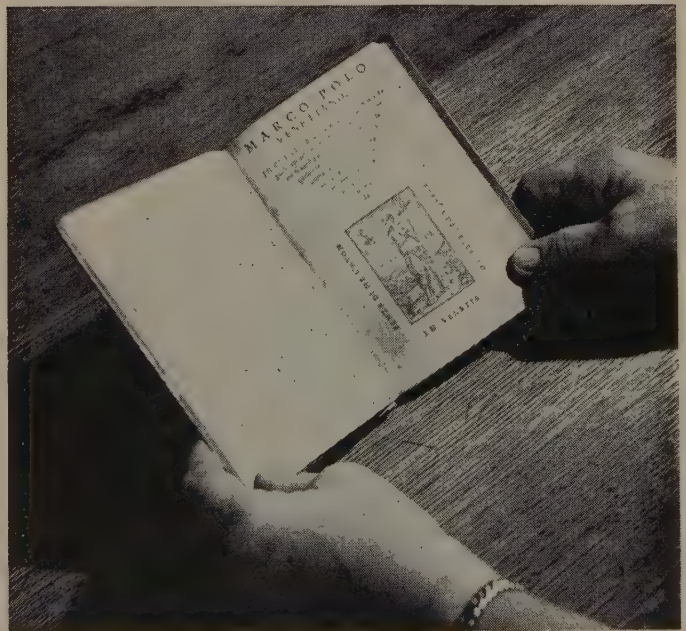


Dr. Pargellis inspects a map drawn in 1561 by Gastaldi, renowned Italian cartographer. There are legends of maps drawn by Marco Polo or brought back by him, but none has ever been found.



Illustrator thought that animals in Mien, now called Burma, included unicorn and claw-footed elephant.

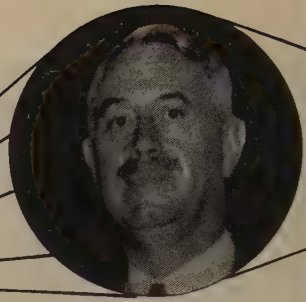
One of the earliest popular editions of Marco's work is this rare brief version published in Venice in 1551.



tributed the swatches among the servants, thereby observing an old Tartar custom. The relatives greeted this demonstration with restrained enthusiasm.

Then the travelers brought forth the Tartar clothes in which they had returned, cut the seams and linings, and poured out a treasure in diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires.

At this point, says Ramusio, the assemblage "knew in truth that those whom they had formerly doubted were indeed those honored and valorous gentlemen of the House of Polo."



what's happening

by Robert L. Shebs

Abe, take your damn feet off my desk!"

During its history the Chicago *Tribune* has used, and occasionally abused, various slogans of a sentimental or patriotic nature. But the rudely arrogant phrase addressed by its first important publisher, Joseph Medill, to a gangling rustic in the 30th Congress named Abraham Lincoln, epitomizes more than any other the *Tribune's* real character as a voice of the Midwest, its flavor and force during the century in which Chicago grew from a lakeside portage to the birthplace of the atomic bomb.

Project it onto the screen where the somber events of the mid-century pass in review, and this phrase provides a useful measure for anyone who attempts to answer a question which has become increasingly familiar in Tribune Tower and elsewhere: "What's happening at the *Tribune*?" During the past 40 years in which he has com-



at the *Tribune*

stable if not tranquil over four decades, a journalistic giant enters a period of transition facing circulation problems and lacking a lieutenant colonel.

manded the newspaper's destinies, Robert Rutherford McCormick has addressed his grandfather's peremptory order to an impressive number of the great ones in Chicago, the United States and the world at large. In the last decade, however, the challenge has been uttered at less frequent intervals, and has come to seem less arresting.

The *Tribune's* dominant position in local journalism is still secure; its advertising revenues are still the envy of dailies all over the country; its editorials still the most contentious and the best-written anywhere. But its circulation has fallen off remarkably even in a period when newspaper circulation in general is declining, and there is a feeling that it has lost its old verve and freshness. A force in the society of our time seems to have reached a point of pause.

The *Tribune* is synonymous with its chief, and McCormick himself gave a

signal for discussion of its present impasse and its possible future when he referred publicly to his advanced age and declining health in a statement last year. The Colonel, who is now 74, was commenting on his startling sale of the *Washington Times-Herald* to Eugene Meyer — who as publisher of the *Washington Post* represents everything that the *Tribune* abhors. His statement read: "It has been known to the employees, and to a great many readers and advertisers of the *Times-Herald*, that I have had severe illnesses in the last year. My doctors told me that I would have to work less."

The Colonel, since, has made an impressive recovery from ailments which caused him for the first time in his business career to spend several months in his Florida home, away from his office on the 24th floor of Tribune Tower. Altho its ruler has now resumed much of his habitual

routine, the problems which affect the *Tribune* continue to nourish a flow of speculation about the personalities, long submerged in his shadow, who may shape the newspaper's policies sometime in the future.

The maintenance of continuity is a problem which besets all institutions run absolutely by one man on a personal basis. In the case of the *Tribune*, the problem is complicated by the absence of any obvious successor; the Colonel has no children. So there appear in the wings a group of men and women with varying relationships to the Colonel, and with varying qualifications for the task of leadership.

Of course, the entire problem of succession and continuity would become irrelevant if the *Tribune* were to be sold. Talk that its sale was imminent was widespread last summer, and specific enough to single out the presumptive purchaser: John S. Knight, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*.

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The *Tribune* recognized the rumor editorially, and denied it. The denial is very believable. Altho circulation is down, advertising revenues are high: the *Tribune* is habitually reserved about its financial position, but no one doubts that it is at least as profitable an enterprise as it was in 1933, when (according to *Fortune* magazine) the newspaper made a net profit of almost \$3,000,000 and the Tribune Company, which controls it and much else, earned \$6,700,000.

Equally unlikely is the idea that the *Tribune* might eventually be left to its employees. In a moment of emotion during the struggle with the *Chicago Sun*, the Colonel expressed an interest in making this possible, but the matter was never pursued. Stock is available to employees, but it is non-voting.

A more likely solution of the *Tribune's* problems than its sale or employee ownership would be its management by a committee of executives responsible to the directors of the Tribune Company. The *New York News*, a companion enterprise, has been so run since the death of its founder. Capt. Joseph Patterson, McCormick's cousin and former *Tribune* co-editor.

That an executive committee already has assumed direction of the *Tribune* has been suggested in rumors. But the best guess is that the Colonel still is boss. Altho he is less active than in the days when he swung a polo mallet or stalked thru the editorial offices with three wolfhounds on a leash, there is no lack of evidence that his voice can still stop the presses. Literally.

Late last spring, one edition of the *Tribune* was printed with the front-page cartoon in black and white instead of in the color that has been a *Tribune* hallmark for years. The explanation was that the Colonel had ordered a substitution in cartoons too close to press time for the new one to be run in color.

While the problem of succession might be solved immediately by an executive committee, the ultimate solution lies with the directors of the Tribune Company, who represent the 2,000 shares of stock issued by the corporation when it was organized by Medill in 1861. This company is the capstone of a vast, and vastly wealthy, communications empire that includes, besides the *Tribune*, WGN and WGN-

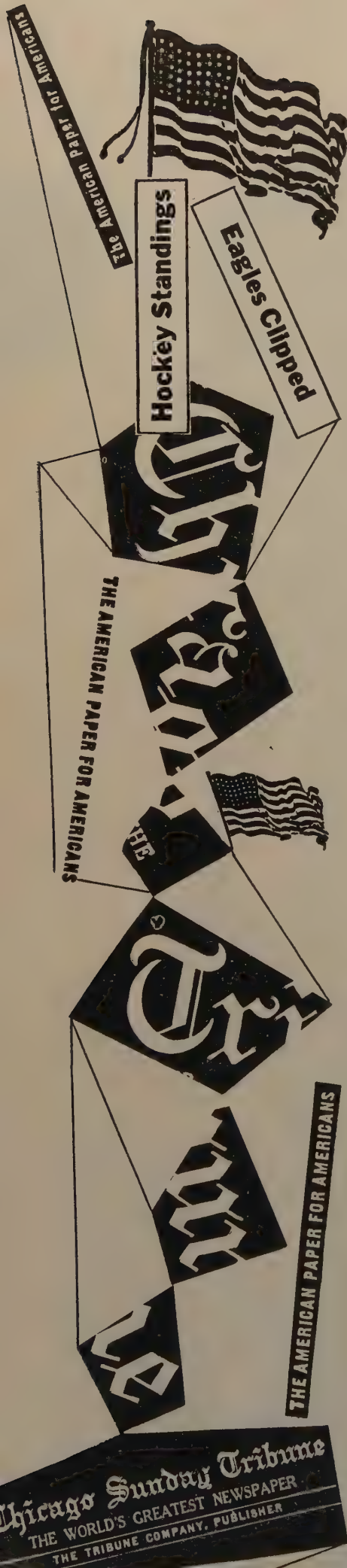
TV; the *New York News* and its radio-television subsidiaries, WOR and WPIX; a feature syndicate; the Chicago Tribune Press Service, which is edited here and serves some 30 dailies; substantial stock in the Mutual radio-TV network; Canadian forests, paper mills and a power dam which supply the *Tribune's* newsprint and are, in addition, a source of revenue; plus a steamship line.

The directors of the Tribune Company, besides McCormick, are his niece, Mrs. Ruth McCormick Tankersley; Mrs. Mary King Patterson, Captain Patterson's widow; Alfred Cowles and Henry D. Lloyd jr., who represent the two largest groups of minority stockholders; Chesser M. Campbell, *Tribune* advertising director, and J. Howard Wood, business manager.

In the past, the Colonel has dominated the directors as he has the newspaper, but at some future time the course of the *Tribune* may be determined by the interplay of personalities on this board. What happens then may depend largely on the role to be taken by Maryland McCormick, the Colonel's wife since 1944.

MRS. MCCORMICK, who is in her early 50's, is a woman of compelling charm. She is also a woman of positive views, who has displayed an independent interest in politics and international affairs. In addition, she seems to have acquired a liking for the newspaper business, at least as it is seen at a point remote from the black gang in the press room. This interest has been reflected in her weekly column, "The Distaf Side," which she began to write for the *Washington Times-Herald*. It soon became a feature in the woman's section of the *Sunday Tribune* and has been picked up by other papers. Writing in a personal vein with considerable liveliness, Mrs. McCormick — who was an Eisenhower Republican during the 1952 convention — frequently has shown both candor and humor in discussing the differing political views she and her husband hold.

Another woman whose influence may count is the Colonel's niece, "Bazy" Tankersley. She is the daughter of the late Medill McCormick, the Colonel's older brother, who briefly edited the *Tribune* and later served as U. S. senator from Illinois. Mrs. Tankersley has had practical experience in running a newspaper. During her first



designed by James McCray

marriage, she and her husband, Peter Miller, published the La Salle (Ill.) *News-Tribune*; later she was put in charge of the *Times-Herald* when McCormick bought it after the death of Eleanor (Cissie) Patterson, Joseph Patterson's sister. Mrs. Tankersley left the *Times-Herald* in 1951 after a dispute with McCormick over her freedom of action. The disagreement involved restraints he had placed on her, rather than conflicting fundamentals of policy. But it went deep enough to cause the Colonel to spurn his niece's effort to buy the *Times-Herald* when it was on the block. Mrs. Tankersley, a rather shy, attractive young woman, spends her time now raising blooded Arabian horses.

A THIRD WOMAN who might advance from the background is Alicia Patterson, now Mrs. Harry Guggenheim. Joseph Patterson thought so little of his daughter Alicia's journalistic and executive talents that in his will he froze her out of a major voice in the management of the *News* and of the *Tribune* Company. The Colonel, however, has called her the smartest newspaper-woman of them all. Miss Patterson publishes *Newsday*, a spectacularly successful Long Island tabloid which in 14 years has grown to more than 200,000 circulation and is a stiff competitor of the New York dailies for advertising lineage. But Miss Patterson, a liberal and internationalist Republican whose paper won a Pulitzer Prize this year for a series on labor racketeering, has firmly disavowed any interest in the future management of the *Tribune*.

Farther in the background among relatives who might aspire to the throne is a young man, James J. Patterson, 31, who has been with his father's newspaper, the New York *News*, off and on since 1941, when he was taken on as a copy boy. He resigned to go to West Point, from which he graduated to serve as an officer under General Patton during World War II, and later as a pilot in Japan. After an interim stint for the *News*, as a police reporter in Brooklyn, he spent a year and a half in Korea. From June, 1952, until last September, he was on the Washington staff of the *News*, and since September he has been on its copy desk in New York.

Should all of the family candidates be passed over, the most likely figures to form an executive committee are to

be found among the *Tribune's* current department heads. They include W. D. (Don) Maxwell, managing editor; J. Howard Wood, treasurer and business manager; C. E. McKittrick, advertising manager; Chesser Campbell, advertising director, and C. A. Corcoran, circulation manager. Other possible members of such a committee include J. Loy (Pat) Maloney, executive editor; A. M. (Mike) Kennedy, assistant managing editor in charge of Sunday publications, and, perhaps, men like F. M. Flynn, top man at the New York *News*.

THE CHAIN of command at the *Tribune* is complex; perhaps no outsider could trace it accurately. On the top of the editorial heap is Maxwell, who succeeded Maloney as managing editor.

Altho on the job both men maintain the aloofness proper to a *Tribune* executive, they are contrasting types in every other respect. A lean, intense man who once covered city hall, Maloney is a "shirtsleeve" editor of the old school. At work, he would crouch over the center desk in the city room with an over-ripe pipe clenched between his teeth; in rare relaxation, he would prop his feet up on his desk, and from beneath his trouser cuff there would show an inch of long-john underwear tucked into his socks. He operated by memo or verbal instructions to officials directly beneath him, seldom addressed a reporter directly, played no favorites.

Maxwell by contrast is a heavy-set, cigar-chomping immigrant from Indiana, who still seems to feel that natives of that state absorb something missing elsewhere. A graduate of the sports department, he mingles with his staff more freely than Maloney did.

As might be expected, the ranking executives on the business side of the newspaper are cut from an entirely different pattern than those in the editorial department.

Campbell and McKittrick, suave examples of the big executive, are in the enviable position of heading the revenue-producing department of the *Tribune*. In a time of declining circulation, they have continued to maintain the *Tribune's* immense superiority as an advertising medium over all other Chicago newspapers. Campbell in particular has the prestige of long years of service.

Those who argue that a purely business background could not qualify even the ablest executive for the top management of the *Tribune* are inclined to look toward J. Howard Wood. As general manager and treasurer he is in the best position to know the entire operation of the company — and he brings to these jobs experience as a financial editor of the newspaper.

Whoever the individual or group that inherits the *Tribune*, it is difficult to see how the newspaper can avoid a period of profound readjustment. Under the impress of McCormick's personality and administrative genius the paper became an even more significant institution than usually is recognized. And it has its roots deep in an America which has been transformed, as the Colonel has recognized, by wars and a depression.

There are two common statements about McCormick. One, which may be voiced either as praise or blame, is that he is the last great exponent of the 19th century tradition of personal journalism. The other is that, whatever his merits as publisher from journalistic standards, measured in terms of business ability he is one of the great newspaper figures of our time.

Both of these statements are true enough. Neither of them strikes at the secret of the *Tribune's* unique position in American journalism. Half of that secret is in Medill's characteristic remark to Abe Lincoln, with its brusque emphasis on democratic equality. In its internal regime, the *Tribune* is patriarchal and authoritarian; but toward the outside world, and especially toward state authority, it has always voiced the midwestern opinion that "one man is just as good as another, and probably a damn sight better."

The other and more important half of the *Tribune's* secret is its role — until recently played to the hilt, and with spectacular success — as the voice of old-fashioned, small-town Americanism. It has been a voice heard in a megalopolis inhabited by millions of people, most of whom were either immigrants or the sons of immigrants, and very few of whom were ever tipped off in Moldavia or Conemara as to what you do next in the river wards of an industrial democracy.

The *Tribune* did not do the obvious thing, which Hearst tried with only flashy success — pander to the economic needs and social inferiority of

Tribune

the city's millions. Voicing the opinions of the plutocracy, it simultaneously tried — no doubt more by an instinct of genius than by deliberate intention — to Americanize its readers, which was what they wanted most deeply.

In the course of doing this, the *Tribune* under the leadership of McCormick became one of the big-city newspapers to minimize thorough reporting of the daily news — not the highlights and spectacularities of the hour, which the *Tribune* never misses — but the reasonable budget of local, national and world events which a newspaper is expected to convey to its readers. Comparison of the *Tribune* with an average copy of the *Milwaukee Journal* or *Washington Star* is illuminating. Either of these dailies and some others will give the reader a fuller impression of the nonsense which has transpired on this planet in the latest 24 hours, than he could get from the *Tribune*.

What has it offered, instead?

First of all, "human interest" stories, the news events which involve human beings in situations of intense personal drama. All newspapers thrive on them, of course. But few major ones would feature BLOND FIGHTS OFF RAPIST, SIX-YEAR-OLD SURVIVES WEEK IN JUNGLE, PROBE ATTEMPT TO POISON NIXON, over a major government action or the fall of a foreign cabinet. The *Tribune* does, routinely.

EVEN MORE IMPORTANT than these stories, which make the reader feel at home amid the welter of vast events, is the *Tribune's* emphasis on features of interest to special groups of readers, in departments which offer a variety of services ranging from advice to the lovelorn thru cooking and cosmetic hints to legal and medical advice. This kind of journalism the *Tribune* has developed with unparalleled efficiency, and in so doing has established itself as a community newspaper to a degree that would have been judged impossible in a big city. And invariably, without being doctrinaire or self-conscious, it has in this aspect of its existence educated its readers in a thousand aspects of urban life, smoothed over the complexities of work and play, and transformed itself into a gigantic Travelers Aid, ever ready with comfort, advice and humor

for the millions who daily lose their bearings in the big city.

The epitome of the *Tribune's* success in this sense occurred during the Twenties, when it developed a series of folksy comic strips — Gasoline Alley, Moon Mullins, Winnie Winkle and that most obnoxious brat of the century, Little Orphan Annie — which, along with John McCutcheon's cartoons, were the Colonel's projection into the 20th century of a vanishing small-town America.

These aspects of the *Tribune* were at least as significant as its celebrated isolationism, or the cantankerousness of its editorial opinion. Under McCormick they were developed so successfully that the *Tribune* made it impossible, for a generation or more, for any newspaper in this city to compete on any other level. Over the years the Hearst newspapers made their crude attempts to beat the *Tribune* on its own ground, without understanding what the ground was, and failed; the now-forgotten *Post*, with its internationally known literary pages, went down; the *Daily News* curtailed and schmalzed up its splendid foreign service and sober local reporting; the *Sun* made its bid as a voice of liberal journalism and expired. The *Tribune* prospered despite the fact that its readers showed a stubborn resistance or indifference to its conscious policies.

What the readers responded to was the *Tribune's* ability to make them feel at home. Harold Teen and Winnie Winkle were neighborhood kids; Antoinette Donnelley and Sally Joy Brown, indulgent aunts ready with hints, homilies and advice. Altho the *Tribune's* opinions are demonstrably less typical of the Midwest than is often believed, its readership is even more fundamentally midwestern than it is often supposed to be. In March, 1953, the daily paper had a circulation of 481,067 in Chicago proper, but its total circulation in Illinois was 764,924, and in the United States — meaning mainly the Midwest — it was 927,167. The *Tribune* has been almost unique among American journals in its regional scope; in any smaller country it might have become a national newspaper.

The zenith of the *Tribune's* growth, as expressed in circulation figures, was reached in 1947, when its daily circulation was 1,047,000. But in the following seven years it went into a

decline, and in 1953 its circulation sank to 885,000. This is a loss of substantial proportions. The *Tribune* no longer prints its daily circulation figures.

THE CAUSES OF THIS decline are a common source of speculation, most of all within Tribune Tower. In the first place, it is by no means unique; every local paper except the *Daily News* has lost circulation, and television is an obvious scapegoat. But in the case of the *Tribune*, the decline has been considerable, and it has given rise to a feeling that the newspaper has lost its old impact. This feeling has been reflected objectively so far only in relatively minor ways: refinements of page make-up and the use of new type faces; the appearance of new adult-humor comic strips; the introduction on the editorial page, under the title "The Other Side," of editorial comment from dailies with policies opposed to the *Tribune's*; reinstatement of the "Tower Ticker," a gossip column that ran for several months a few years ago.

Meanwhile, the "hot wire" on the day city editor's desk, connecting directly with McCormick's home and office, is still watched and often buzzes.

Altho he is noticeably thinner since his illness and sometimes walks hesitantly as tho in pain, the Colonel still is driven to Tribune Tower almost every day. As he has for years, he continues to read newspapers during the drive in from Wheaton, clipping items that arouse his interest and giving them to his secretary who makes them into "imp" notes for the staff.

And as they have for years, the *Tribune's* by-line correspondents, its editorial writers and Little Orphan Annie will, in their differing ways, continue to express the same basic social and political philosophy. As it has for years, the *Tribune's* voice will continue to say to presidents, potentates and planners: "Take your damn feet off my desk!"

To McCormick, his paper remains the echo of an older and truer America — an echo, in fact, out of the long vanished Middle Border. The competitive forces which threaten it are still too puny to merit more than disdain.

The *Tribune's* rendezvous with any other destiny continues to wait in the future.

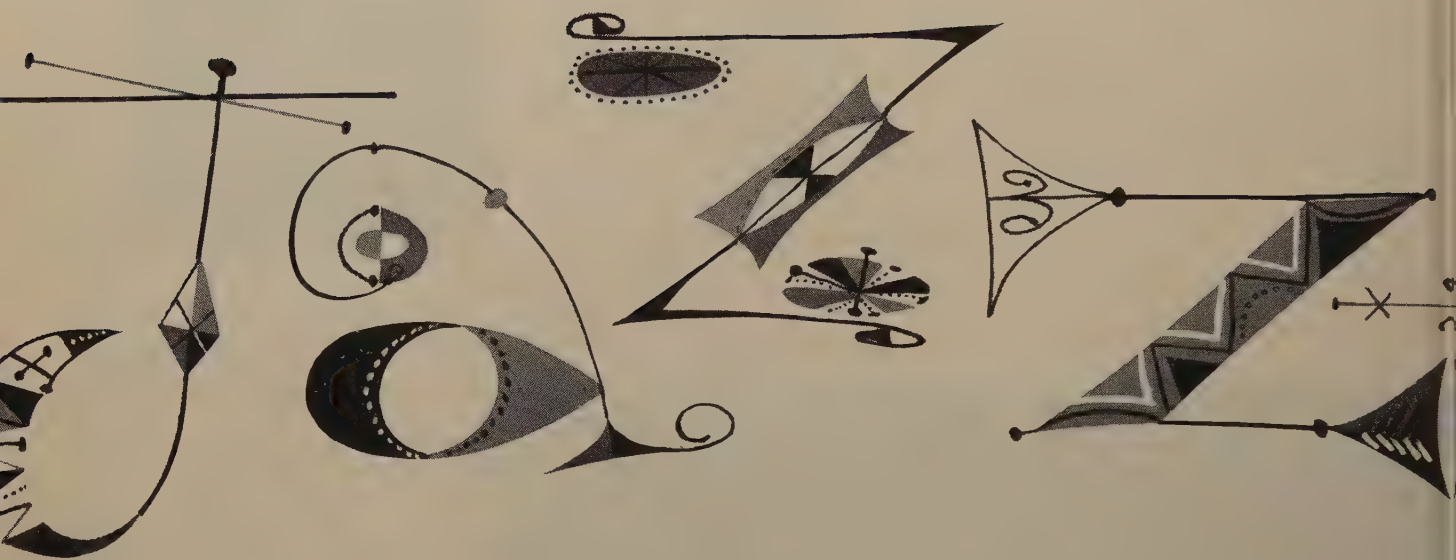
Role of Col. McCormick's wife, Maryland, is greatest unknown in speculation on *Tribune's* future when McCormick era ends. Tho actively interested in politics and international affairs, she avoids extremism. McCormicks were married ten years ago this month.



Alicia Patterson, daughter of the late Capt. Joseph Patterson, McCormick's cousin who founded the *New York News*, has shown exceptional publishing ability in running *Newsday*, a tabloid daily she started on Long Island in 1940. Her paper is Republican, liberal and internationalist. Miss Patterson, the wife of Harry Guggenheim, New York financier, is shown with British war refugees on her Long Island estate.

The third woman who could become important in *Tribune's* future is McCormick's niece, Mrs. Ruth (Bazy) Tankersley, at right in photo taken at Sen. Joseph McCarthy's wedding reception. Mrs. Tankersley ran the *Washington Times-Herald* for two years after McCormick bought it, but quit in dispute over her freedom to exploit editorial policies.





*A man who has followed two local paths
of retreat from society finds them much alike*



by Paul Warren

Ever since the lean days of 1934 when, as a 17-year-old, I retreated to my attic hide-out to listen in secrecy to old and scratchy *Okeh* records of Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong that I had collected from stacks of second-hand records in back-issue magazine stores, resale shops and junk yards, I have got something out of listening to jazz music that has compensated deeply for some very severe blows received in a rough career that started with juvenile delinquency and ended with time in the Illinois state prisons.

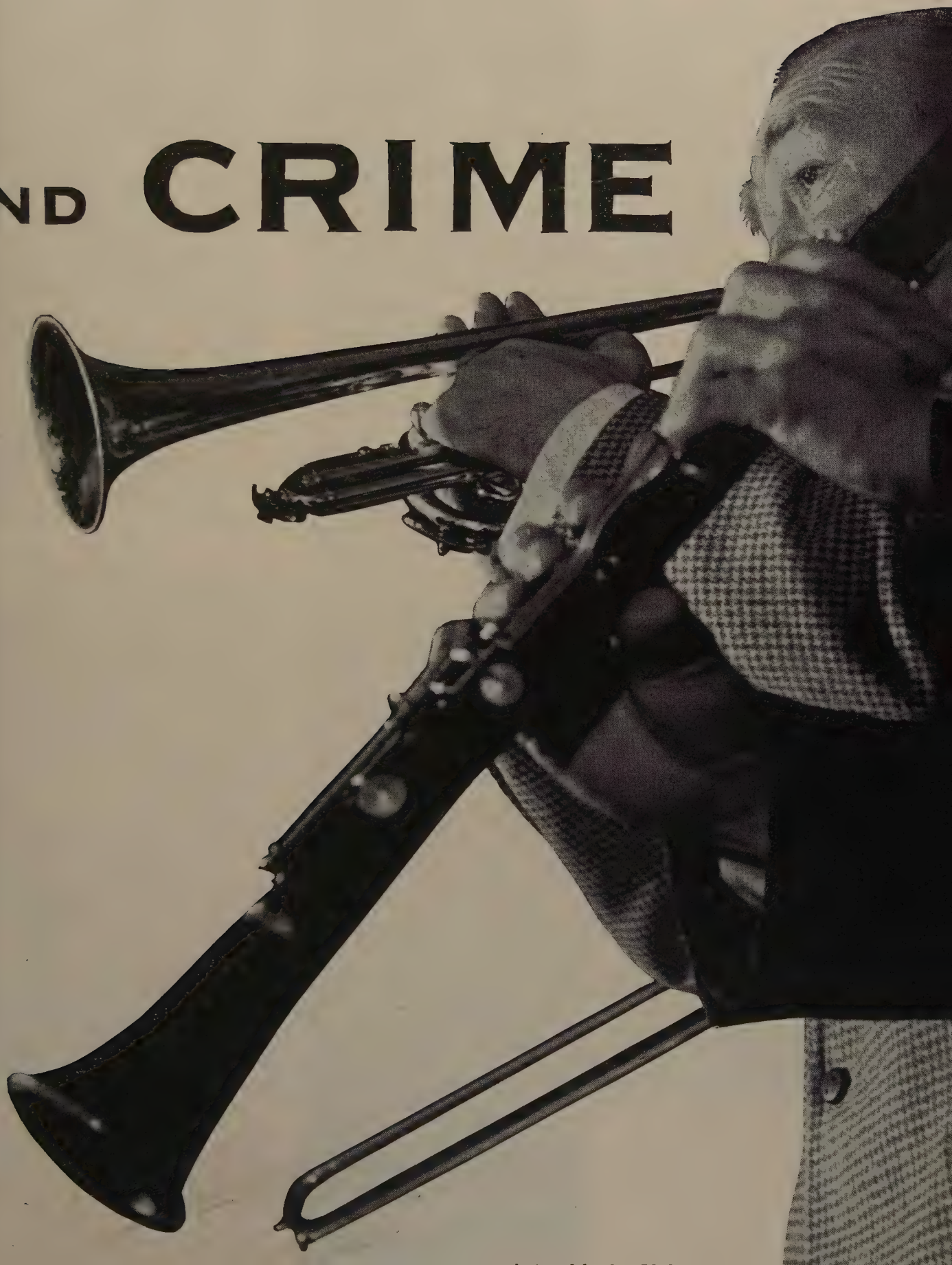
With the help of one of Sigmund Freud's followers, plus the encouragement of staunch friends, my rebellion that expressed itself in sneaking into other people's houses and taking all that wasn't nailed down was revealed to me as, among many other things, a very harmful substitution for the thing I needed so desperately but thought I had no right to — love. And now, after ten years of abiding by the rules, many of the self-demolishing activities that were held so dearly at one time have lost their excitement. I no longer think that the diamonds that dwell in the wall safes of North Shore suburban mansions should be sparkling in my hot and sticky palm after I have slithered thru a jimmied window for that triumphant feeling that is so necessary for the Rebel Without a Cause.

I no longer feel the yen to huddle with other self-made martyrs to suck on the butt of a reefer being passed around to get that smugness with which to snicker at the poor goofs that were making it. I no longer need the big roll to flash saucily at those who work for a living, to feel that I have made it for free. I am now a family man and love the real security of my wife and child and home. The real triumph is knowing that I am striving always toward a cohesiveness within. That unity has resulted in some genuine contentment.

However, I still listen to jazz music and it still thrills me. Perhaps in a different way. But a solo by Charlie "Yardbird" Parker can still cause me to go hot and cold at once and to become struck dumb with awe at the immensity of his daring, the breadth of his freeflow imagination, the total control he has over his craft and, above all, the great tenderness he has within that is not possible to get out in any way save music.

In the past 20 years that I have heard these dedicated men playing the kind of music they feel so possessive about, I have come to know many of them well. I have learned the secret way they talk among themselves — the jive talk that has become different with every change in style this

AND CRIME

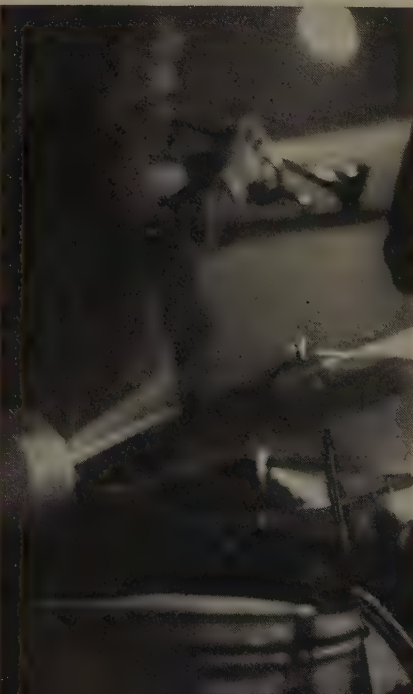


music has had. And I have been amazed at the many, many attitudes they have in common with those institution-raised thieves that for years were my only companions. I have come to the conclusion that, aside from obvious differences, they are both fundamentally rebels, hurling defiance in much the same way at the world they never made in an attempt to lay balm on the real or imagined hurts inflicted on them by a society they do not, will not, cannot understand.

There are many types of rebels and there are many more activities that become receptacles for their fierce resentments. But in the main they can be divided into two groups: the aggressive and the non-violent. The first aligns himself with movements that preach everything from the total elimination of all outward control to submission to an all-powerful one. The second submerges himself in the pursuit of cult-like interests. This is where most jazzmen and their followers thrive. Like their neighbors in the I Am Wiser Than the Herd school — the nature-loving yogurt eaters, disciples of Yoga, Moslem and I Am, non-violent criminals, notably the burglar and “sneak thief” — these riff raving revolutionists possess an anger and crushing despondency in view of real or fancied injuries suffered at the hand of the first authority, and carry it over toward all subsequent forms of that power. To prove over and over again that the great bulk of the populace is wrong about what is good and bad in all forms of endeavor is the spark that gives to their activities a magic. Contrary to the belief of some critics that jazz is a People’s Music, men playing it are not made happy when too many outsiders, or “squares,” get in on it.

In the days when Jelly-Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet, and Armstrong were wailing out their blues in pathetic but always strident hues, jazzmen, most of whom were Negroes, were playing for the most part to other Negroes who surely understood their feelings of resentment at their containment. The music was born of them and, while it brought from deep inside them the belly laughs, the clenched fist, the waves of sympathy that come only from strong ties of brotherhood in bondage, it left those not in the know coldly sarcastic or even belligerent.

But when these jazzmen came up from Storeyville and adjacent areas via the Mississippi and hit Chicago like a ton of bricks they realized that something had happened that they had not foreseen. They had an audience of whites that were just as fa-

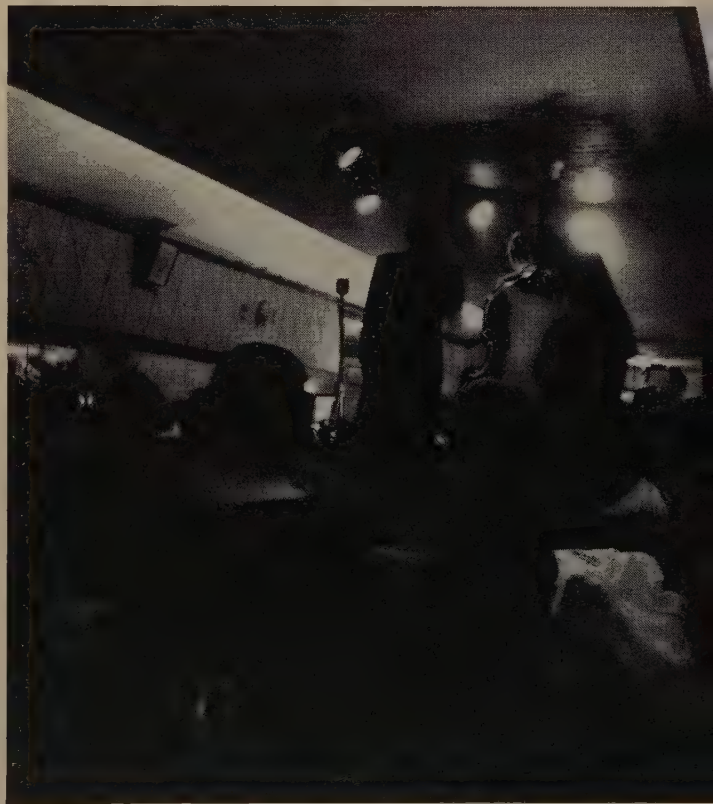
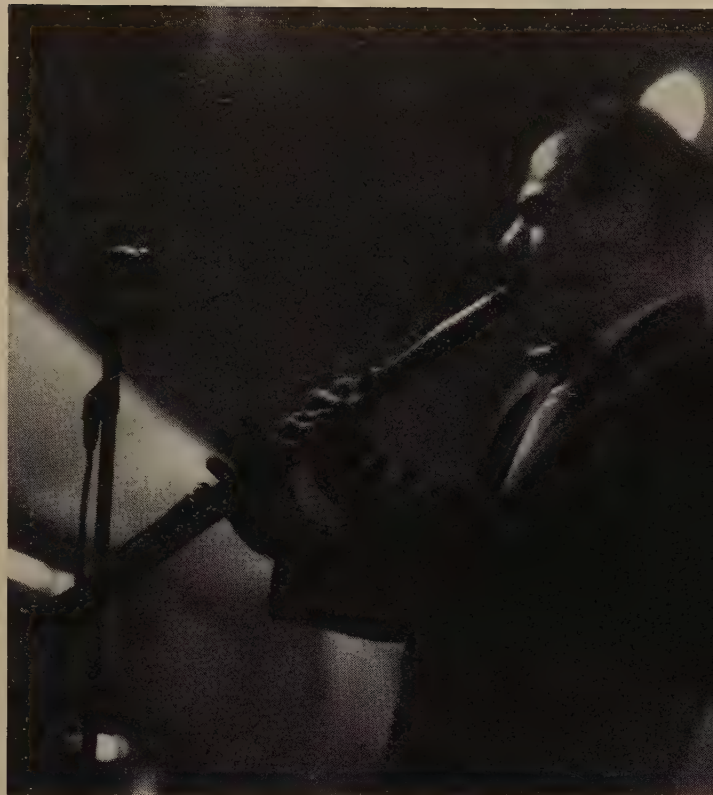


natic in their devotion as any of their own kind. And it was when some of the kids took to emulating their heroes that the first big change occurred in the playing of jazz. In Mezz Mezzrow’s autobiography, *Really the Blues*, he says of the Austin high school gang, “There was a revolution in Chicago, led by a gang of pink-cheeked high school kids. These rebels in plus-fours huddled on a bandstand instead of a soap-box, passing out riffs instead of handbills, but the effect was the same. Their jazz was only a musical version of the hard-cutting broadsides that two foxy studs named Mencken and Nathan were beginning to shoot at Joe Public in the pages of *The American Mercury* — a collectively improvised nose-thumbing at all the pillars of all communities, one big syncopated Bronx Cheer for the righteous squares everywhere. Jazz was the only language they could find to preach their fire-eating message.”

THESE KIDS were of the big city — not of the levee. Their rebellion was directed toward what they knew and had rejected. But they did have the well of loneliness, of bitter resentment that came of their self-imposed exile from society, that has been contained in all forms of jazz from New Orleans to Bop. This cup was filled to overflowing before they made Chicago’s South Side their haunting grounds to lap up with starry-eyed wonder the blarings of King Oliver, Jimmy Noone and Johnny Dodds. But in spite of their missionary zeal to spread the gospel they couldn’t help but change it when they played it. Frank Teschemacher, Jimmy and Dick MacPartland, Dave North, Jim Lannigan, Dave Tough and Lawrence “Bud” Freeman joined Bix Biederbecke and Muggsy Spanier to stomp out the beginnings of what was later named “Chicago Style Jazz.”

Throughout the 20 years I’ve listened to their sublime wails, most jazzmen I have known have not been aware of the powerful unrest within that drives them. Ask a thief why he steals and he will more than likely come on with a stare of hostility, a smirk of condescension or an honest perplexity and say, “to get money. They [the world of legitimacy: coppers, square-johns, guards — everybody against the criminal’s pursuit of loot — make up the oft-repeated word “they” in the outlaw’s vocabulary] won’t let me make it any other way.” Telling a man who has spent most of his life behind many sets of bars that there must be some element of safety for him in prisons and that, if he gets out, he will shortly find his way back to that haven that he says he hates so much, is like tell-

photographs by William Miller





AND CRIME

ing a jazzman who complains that there aren't enough people who are "hip" enough to appreciate his music that he purposely plays it in such a way as to keep those people from feeling it and when they do get close, he changes it so as to keep them further away. There are many feelings that the rebel who resorts to crime shares with the Young Man with a Horn.

The very language used is much the same on the bandstand as it is in prison. The "square" to the bopster is the same as the "square-john" is to the thief. They both ride in "shorts," eat "scoff," dress themselves in a "sharp set of threads," earn and steal "gold" or "loot," consort only with "hipsters" or "heads" in their search for "kicks," well fortified against the world of harsh reality with "lush" or "pot" with their "chicks" at their sides. Such phrases as "out of this world," "the end," "crazy," "frantic," "kill me, man" should all prove of significance to the psychiatrist.

Much of this jargon used by teenagers, jazzmen and thieves was originated in the South by Negro slaves when, in order to express thoughts and ideas that might be considered derogatory to the whites, or "ofays" (pig Latin for foes), they invented words that meant not what they did to everybody else. When this home-made language became understood by the "enemy," the jive changed.

IN PRISON, where convict solidarity is maintained as a means of safety against the foe (society and its law-enforcing representatives) a rapidly-changing lingo is employed. Jazz music in its obliquity can be compared to this esoteric method of communication. I well remember the chagrin and embarrassment of a white customer at a Negro tavern when he asked for a certain song to be played and the bop leader told him scornfully that that number had just been played. This scathing condescension and the amused laughter that it provoked represented the security of secrecy among rebels. This jive talk, this devious manner of improvisation, this departure from the generally ac-

cepted methods, are the clues to the hidden yearning to keep secretly apart from the large in-group who follow and accept the rules laid down by the authorities.

Today, however, we have the jazzman who rebels not so much against the lovers of *My Heart Cries for You* and other such trite musical expressions that so typify to the bopster a complete lack of taste; he cries out instead against the older jazz exponents who, for various reasons, have given up the good fight in an attempt to hold on to the audience of those who have embraced jazz, especially the critics. Part of this is due to the hostility with which the old-timers greeted this newest change in the playing of what they considered their music. Part is due to an inability or a disinclination to compete with masters of a technique that could go no further. But here, in this split that has divided the jazz world into the "hot" and the "cool," we see the basic attraction that this music has for those who play it — a safe retreat from everything that requires ego-damaging suppressions. And that retreat is only possible when the thing held dearly in common is attractive to but a select few.

LISTENING to Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Milt Jackson, Sonny Stitt, Max Roach and many other bopsters one gets, after getting over the initial surprise at the novelty of playing, the distinct feeling of a cry from the wilderness from a hopelessly wandering group of missionaries preaching the sad — but in its very mournfulness, beautiful — lesson of acceptance of a lonely existence that is the end of the road for all such dissenters. With all of its oblique futility, this music holds together in fierce pride the small but hard core of the best in the movement in spite of an ever-increasing gulf between what they preach and the now-accepted message of the older jazz. And this is what they want.

Even at the inception of this new kind of jazz, when the great Gillespie band took advantage of timely publicity via sensational articles in slick

magazines that exploited the little goateed, beret-wearing, East-bowing cultism, and became a comparatively stellar attraction drawing crowds of curiosity-seekers, schisms threatened this new movement. When jams of people attended concerts at New York's Metropolitan Opera House, which had been dubbed "The Metropolitan Bopera House" for these occasions, it was most uncomfortable for the really dedicated ones. Parker left Dizzy's band to form his own small, tight group and later was taken to Camarillo for treatment of drug addiction. Former "hipsters" were called "squares" overnight. The perhaps few dope addicts became many more in a feverish attempt to seek the semi-oblivion which is so necessary for the true submissive rebel. Parker's wailing alto sax is not the clarion call for the mob but for the chosen few.

The great rejection by the general public, the violence with which this renouncement is expressed by those on the periphery of the jazz movement and even by older proponents of jazz is indicative of a near-conscious knowledge that they are the butt of the protest inherent in this form of jazz. Consider the growing number of intellectuals who feel a proprietorship toward the older forms of jazz. Theirs is an attempt to prove that they have the rare ability to see in it a beauty not discernible to less fortunate members of society. But these college-bred "hepcats" (they even garble that simple word) who used to come into my jazz record shop and say with great authority, "If it isn't Muggsy Spanier on Bluebird label made between '33 and '36 it isn't jazz," prove that only when a revolution has become history does it become acceptable.

And all along the line, from Bunk Johnson to the last great change in jazz when Charlie Parker came from his mother's woodshed in Kansas City to join Thelonius Monk and other zealots, every innovation has been greeted with hostility by the school that has been superseded. Bix Biederbecke, Muggsy Spanier, Mezz Mezzrow and those early Chicago lads must have felt the same hurt dismay when their music was rebuffed by the

elders as have all other creators since, when their offerings brought disapproval. It is this very rejection that feeds the fire that keeps these young rebels going, the same pride that must have been King Oliver's when "he blasted his way into Storeyville to challenge the crown worn by King Keppard."

But the great conflict which rages between these powerful unconscious demands to seek the safety of the few, and the conscious desires for acceptance, fame and fortune, has resulted in other forms of submissive rebellion that have too many times ended in tragedy. Altho it has been much exaggerated, some of the disciples of modern jazz have gone along the path of rejection so far that they have taken the almost final plunge (in a few cases it has proven final) and became addicted to narcotics as a last agonized attempt to keep the harshness of the world they know away.

This and the known fact that marijuana is much more enjoyed by jazzmen than alcohol are but further proofs that the basic urge is to withdraw. Alcohol tends to drive the user out of himself and away from introversion. Narcotics does the opposite—the user finds solace in being "out there all alone." He wants desperately to crawl away and be as much alone as possible. Examples of those who have gone in for the habit-forming opiates to such an extent as to necessitate their stealing to keep reality at a safe distance are too numerous. I am told by some of these ex-Lexingtonites (Lexington is the government hospital for dope addicts) that to enjoy the very best in modern jazz one merely has to become incarcerated in one of the many institutions that take care of the fallen junkie.

SOME OF THESE unhappy men (and again this tends to become an exaggeration) have embraced the Moslem religion, believing that further alliances with esoteric groups bring more of the peculiar security they crave. A close friend of mine who played trumpet and arranged musical scores for a prominent jazz orchestra in Chicago died at a young age due to complications brought about by his eventual disinclination to eat foods other than lemon juice and salads. He was holding the world at a safe distance and damning it for being so impure that it no longer had the right to hold him responsible for his actions. The hidden desire to hold society responsible for the terror of their existences is much like the infantile fantasies to have our parents discover our dead bodies and realize—with horror that they were

responsible. But out of their fears and conflicting urges comes a beautiful sound that has been called the only American form of music.

WHAT IS JAZZ? Louis Armstrong once said, "If you have to ask—you'll never get to know." It must be listened to or played to be really felt. It is as impossible to describe music in words as it is to describe color to a blind man or sound to one without hearing. All that can be done with words is to say when it was played, by whom, where and how and to tell about the many changes it has had and why. Each one can say the things he feels when he listens or plays, but to say what it is that causes the feelings is impossible. Listening to some of the great solos over the years, especially Louis Armstrong, Muggsy Spanier, Charlie Parker, I get the feeling that they are way out there and all alone in a self-made exile. They seem utterly separated from us by a great distance, sending back messages of infinite beauty. I count myself lucky that I can get some if not all of it. It is a fearsome trip they make, one fraught with loneliness but one that brings its own peculiar satisfactions. We need not pity them, tho. If their dedication has brought them what we call privation and pain—one only has to listen to the quiet, gloating laughter as one jazzman greets another and says, "Say, man! I dug your message. What you were puttin' down on *Scrapple from the Apple* was the most! Simply insane, man!" And one glimpses the deep reaching comfort they realize. The practice of jazz is similar in this and other ways to the practice of any creative art.

Thru all the years since I first heard old "Satchmo" wailing in my attic, this magic which has changed and grown has been one of the staunchest friends to hold my hand, pound my back, soften the blows that have sometimes seemed overwhelming. At times when this music seemed far removed, from the dark recesses of solitary confinement I heard its screaming, defiant trumpet, its moaning sax, its hard-driving drum in the inside part of myself that all men must protect against all onslaught or perish. And from that day in prison when, clutching the cold bars to keep back the tears, I heard Billie Holiday singing from the radio loud-speaker as tho in my very ear, *Good Morning, Heartache*, to today's comparative serenity when I flip the switch of my Hi-Fi and hear "The Bird" blowing *Don't Blame Me*, I realize that jazz itself proves the warmth and wisdom of that old jazz classic, *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm*.

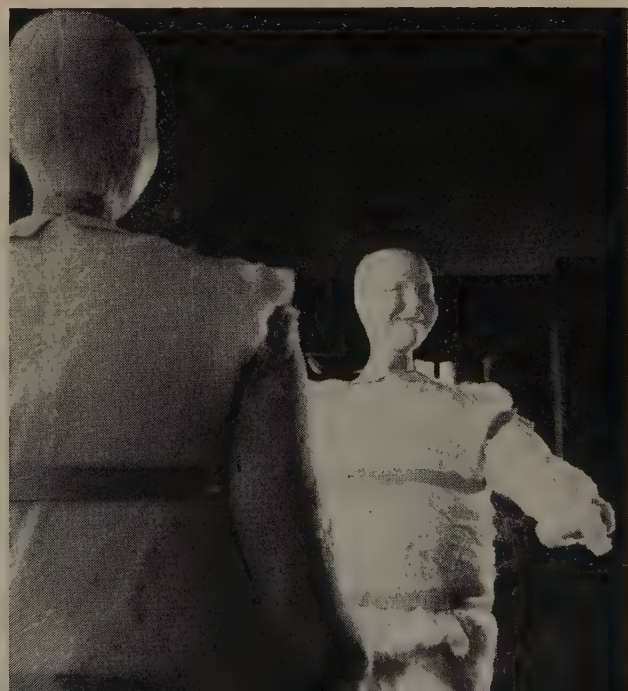


North Pole for Santas

Christmas lasts for twelve months at the Silvestri Art Manufacturing company on west Ohio street, where 210 people work all year around making Yuletide street, show window and store interior decorations. For the past six years the firm has supplied the State street holiday finery. It also makes the indoor glitter for many of the big stores there, and for others thruout the country, including Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, Lord and Taylor in New York, Jordan Marsh in Boston, Hudson's in Detroit and Nieman-Marcus in Dallas. The 43-year-old company meets the new demands created by changing retailing practices, too. Recently it has furnished the decorations for drive-in shopping centers, including Lincoln Village, La Grange Park and Evergreen Park.

photographs by William Miller





The plank-street city of 1848

a contemporary account by John L. Peyton, a Virginia lawyer, as reprinted in "A Mirror for Americans," edited by Warren S. Tryon and published by the University of Chicago Press in 1952.

In the afternoon Mr. Shirley called with his "trap" and a pair of Morgan horses to drive me about the city, and point out the sights of Chicago. The city is situated on both sides of the Chicago river, a sluggish, slimy stream, too lazy to clean itself, and on both sides of its north and south branches, upon a level piece of ground, half dry and half wet, resembling a salt marsh, and contained a population of 20,000. There was no pavement, no macadamized streets, no drainage, and the three thousand houses in which the people lived, were almost entirely small timber buildings, painted white, and this white much defaced by mud. I now recall but a single exception to this rule, in a red brick, two story residence in the north division, surrounded by turf, and the grounds ornamented with trees and shrubbery.

The city was not yet lighted with gas, and the gardens were open fields where I often saw horses, cows, and animals of inferior dignity, sunning themselves, instead of what I expected to see, shrubs and flowers. To render the streets and sidewalks passable, they were covered with deal boards from house to house, the boards resting upon cross sills of heavy timber. This kind of track is called "the plankroad." Under these planks the water was standing on the surface over three-fourths of the city, and as the sewers from the houses

were emptied under them, a frightful odor was emitted in summer, causing fevers and other diseases foreign to the climate. It not unfrequently happened that from the settling or rolling of a sleeper, a loose plank would give way under the weight of a passing cab, when the foul water would spurt into the air high as the windows.

On the outskirts of the town where this kind of road terminated, the highways were impassable, except in winter when frozen, or in summer when dry and pulverized into the finest and most penetrating of dust. At all other seasons they were little less than quagmires. As may be imagined, the communication with the interior was principally carried on in canoes and batteaux. Of architectural display there was none. The houses were built hurriedly to accommodate a considerable trade centering here, and were devoid of both comforts and conveniences. Every one in the place seemed in a hurry, and a kind of restless activity prevailed which I had seen nowhere else in the West, except in Cincinnati. A central point in the western route of emigrants, it was even at this inclement season animated by passing parties. In summer, I understood, emigrant parties went through daily.

Those whom I now saw were wild, rough, almost savage looking men from North Germany, Denmark and

Sweden — their faces covered with grizzly beards, and their teeth clenched upon a pipe stem. They were followed by stout, well-formed, able-bodied wives and healthy children. Neither cold nor storm stopped them in their journey to the promised land, on the frontiers of which they had now arrived. In most instances they followed friends who had prepared a resting place for them.

CHICAGO WAS already becoming a place of considerable importance for manufactures. Steam mills were busy in every part of the city preparing lumber for buildings which were contracted to be erected by the thousand the next season. Large establishments were engaged in manufacturing agricultural implements of every description for the farmers who flocked to the country every spring. A single establishment, that of McCormick, employed several hundred hands, and during each season completed from fifteen hundred to two thousand grain-reapers and grass-mowers. Blacksmith, wagon and coachmaker's shops were busy preparing for spring demand, which, with all their energy, they could not supply. Brick-makers had discovered on the lake shore, near the city and a short distance in the interior, excellent beds of clay and were manufacturing, even at that time, millions of brick by a patent pro-



ess, which the frost did not hinder, or delay. Hundreds of workmen were also engaged in quarrying stone and marble on the banks of the projected canal; and the Illinois Central Railway employed large bodies of men in driving piles, and constructing a track and depot on the beach. Real estate agents were mapping out the surrounding territory for ten and fifteen miles in the interior, giving fancy names to the future avenues, streets, squares and parks. A brisk traffic existed in the sale of corner lots, and men with nothing but their wits, had been known to succeed in a single season in making a fortune — sometimes, certainly, it was only on paper.

MR. SHIRLEY drove me to the Chicago Theatre, where *Hamlet* was played that night — a promising young Western actor, named Perry, taking the principal part. The Theatre was then owned by the manager, Mr. Rice, who was a good actor and a pleasant man. The house was well attended, and the play a decided success. After the performance, we accepted an invitation and went to Mr. Rice's residence in Wabash avenue, where a number of his friends and some of the principal members of the company were assembled for supper. Here the evening passed rapidly amidst the sparkle of wit, humor and champagne.

The morning following my attendance at the theatre, I found Chicago covered with snow two feet deep on a level, and at places where it was drifted from thirty to forty feet deep! The population was stirring, however, like a hive of bees to open a pathway; by

throwing it from the trottoirs into the streets before it became so frozen as to be immovable, except with enormous labour. By mid-day the pavements were tolerably comfortable, but we seemed to be moving in a trench — the shops on one side and the snow upon the other. The snow thrown into the streets raised their level about four feet, so that as we walked on the sidewalk, the feet of the horses pulling the sleighs were almost even with our shoulders. Becoming as the season advances more and more firmly frozen and compactly beat down, the streets are smooth and slippery to a degree, forming admirable roads for sleighs, in which every one not on foot moves about, and they furnish delightful means of locomotion. Coach bodies are placed upon sleds, and ladies go to make morning calls in them as also to parties and picnics.

PICNICKING was by the by one of the Chicago winter amusements, and they are sometimes very amusing. They are organized somewhat after this fashion. A hotel from ten to fifteen miles in the country is secured for a particular evening and dinner prepared for six or seven o'clock, as the case may be. By this hour sleighs arrive from Chicago, driven by the beaux and freighted with the belles and their chaperons nestling under buffalo robes and other furs. After dinner, dancing commences, the services of one of the numerous German bands in Chicago having been previously secured. Dancing is usually kept up till eleven when the sleighs reappear and, taking up their "freight," one by one disappear into the blackness of the night.

From our dinner table, the day following the pic-nic, we adjourned to the Tremont House, to a ball given by the bachelors. These balls occurred once a week during the winter, and were called the "Bachelors' Assembly Balls," and were intended as a return by the *brave garçons* of Chicago to the community, for the lavish hospitalities bestowed upon them by managing mammas. The rooms were large, handsomely decorated, brilliantly lighted and enlivened, and embellished by a dashing company. The music was all that could be desired, and the supper beyond praise.

Everything passed off the evening of my attendance agreeably, and as this was usually the case, these assemblies were decidedly popular. In the company there were many young married ladies, and even those who could lay claims to being "fair, fat and forty." I soon discovered that Chicago society in its freedom from restraint and easy sociability was more French than English, and more American than either. Many of the handsomest, gayest and most desirable-looking ladies were mothers, and in the same room mothers and daughters were often "tripping the light fantastic toe." This I thought entirely as it should be, and admirable evidence of the healthfulness of the north-western climate. It was also a refutation, complete and perfect of the common error — I might almost say popular superstition in England — that American ladies fade at forty and go off at fifty.

Frail creatures, they are not quite so frail and fleeting in their charms as their British sisters imagine, certainly not in Chicago.

Trophies and tales of far-off places
enrich their hearth and home

the gentlemen adventurers of

The shortest route from Jackson boulevard to darkest Africa is ten floors straight up. There, surrounded by fragments of their animal adversaries, members of the Adventurers Club of Chicago gather daily to take nourishment and swap stories of derring-do on seven continents and an equal number of seas.

The tales told in this high-ceilinged corner of the old Austin building have a strong tendency toward accuracy, a circumstance promoted by the fact that the audience usually includes one or more authorities on the place or period being described.

Soldier, scientist, big game hunter, explorer, engineer and newspaperman are typical of the callings merged in this 42-year-old organization formed "to provide a hearth and home for those who have left the beaten path and made for adventure."

The walls of the club's "great hall" are lined not only with stuffed heads of formidable and exotic beasts, but also with such items as poisoned darts from the Amazon country of South America, true Australian boomerangs,

guns of diverse makes and calibers, pennants carried all over the world by itinerant members, and books on relevant topics written by Adventurers and others. And all of its trophies aren't in the clubrooms. A past president, Carl Dreutzer, once accomplished the unusual feat of bringing back three live walruses from the Arctic to Brookfield zoo.

The group's membership roster includes such names as animal trainer Clyde Beatty; Dr. Preston Bradley, pastor of the Peoples church; Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Dr. Fay-Cooper Cole, renowned anthropologist recently retired from the University of Chicago faculty; U.S. Senator Everett M. Dirksen; Erle Stanley Gardner, the polished and prolific mystery story writer; Frank King, creator of the "Gasoline Alley" comic strip; Marlin Perkins of zoo and "Zoo Parade" note, and the late restaurateur Richard Riccardo.

The club's first honorary member was President Theodore Roosevelt, who has been joined in that distinction by such worthies as Roald Amund-

sen, the arctic explorer; John T. McCutcheon, the *Tribune* cartoonist; General Leonard Wood, and Indian Chiefs Lazy Boy and Three Bears of the Blackfeet nation.

Formally organized in 1912, the Adventurers club actually had been in the making for several years before then. A dozen friends who had wandered in the byways of the world used to congregate once or twice a month at St. Hubert's Grill, the venerable restaurant still doing business on Federal street, to dine on steak and kidney pie, drink Guinness stout and talk over their experiences. From time to time other kindred spirits were attracted to these sessions, and soon the stage was set for the official formation of the Adventurers Club of Chicago.

One of the leaders in setting up the club was Major W. Robert Foran, who has always held its membership card number one. Bob Foran was a battle-scarred veteran of several wars, winner of 27 military honors and decorations. He had been a police commissioner in both East and South Africa, a big game hunter in India, a natural-



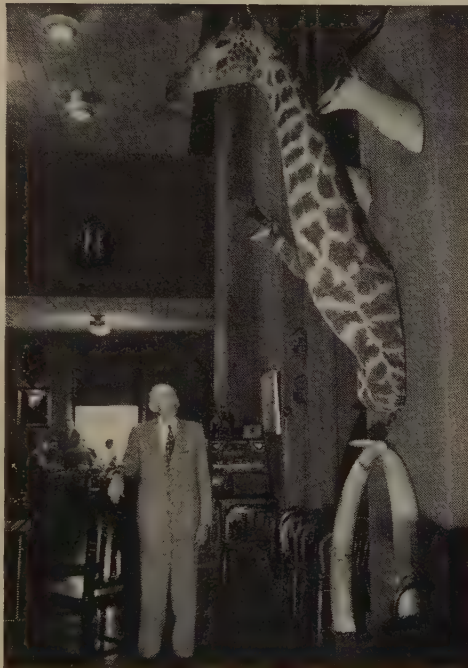
by Mason Warner sr.

jackson boulevard

ist in Ceylon and editor of the *Rangoon, Burma, Times*. As an Associated Press correspondent, he had covered Teddy Roosevelt's African hunt of 1909-10. Today Major Foran, now an honorary member of the club, is back in his beloved Kenya colony, still writing about Africa's big and strange animals.

The club had its first real "hearth and home" at 40 south Clark, where it remained until 1933. It spent the next 12 years at 14 north Michigan, then moved to its present comfortably furnished lair at 111 west Jackson.

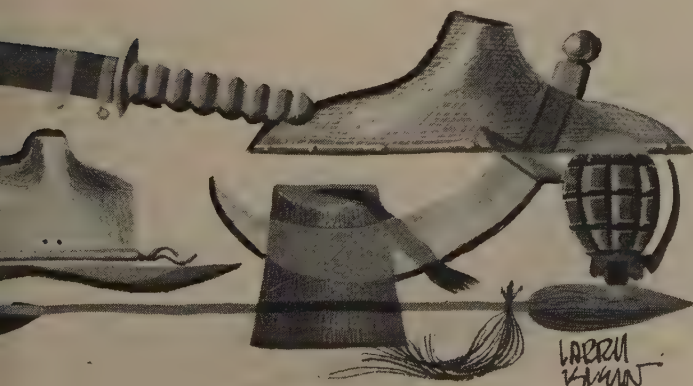
If good talk has been the favorite activity at the Adventurers club over the years, decorating the hall with trophies brought home by members ranks a close second. A huge snarling stuffed gorilla guards the entrance at one end of the long room. To the right is a raised alcove fitted with soft chairs and lined with book shelves containing the more than 1,000 volumes of the club library. Jutting out from a beam that runs across the ceiling is a big walrus head, its long, gleaming tusks contrasting with the



Ruminants he brought back from Africa are surveyed by Dr. Frank Thompson, 83, whose latest safari took place in 1950.

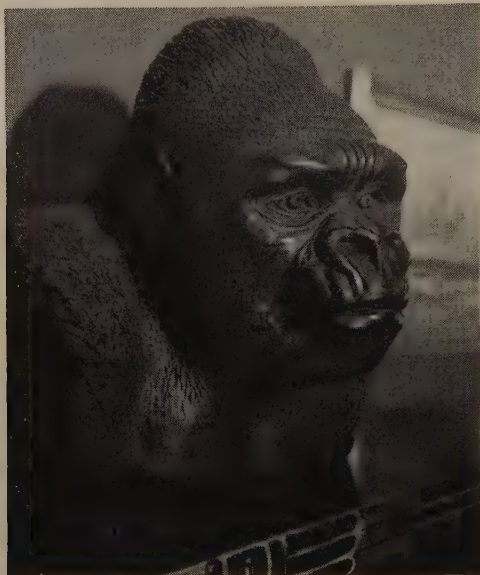


Author Mason Warner examines a Philippine headhunter's ax, a trophy he acquired on a trek to the jungles of Luzon.

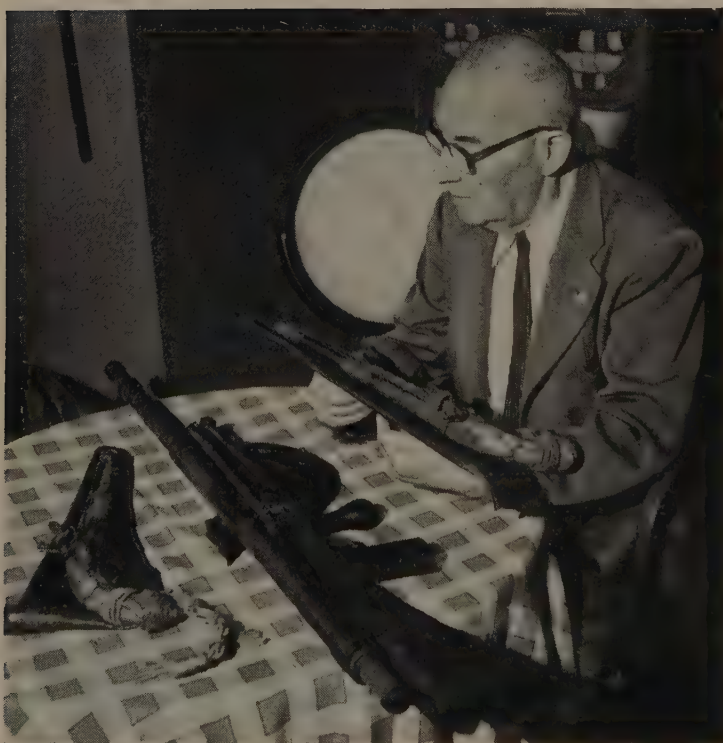


designed by Larry Klein

gentlemen adventurers



Bust of Bushman dominates the mantle over the hearth part of the club's "hearth and home." It was made by member C. J. Albrecht.



rounded contours of the neck and face.

The long outside wall is broken by a wide fireplace and mantelpiece, with a painted map of the world running up to the ceiling. Unique among the animal exhibits is one on the mantle which is not a hunter's trophy but a memorial to a dear departed friend of member Perkins and thousands of other Chicagoans. It's a plaster bust of Bushman, personable simian late of the Lincoln Park zoo.

Between the hearth and the library are grouped some of the trophies brought home by Dr. Frank P. Thompson, a past president of the club who, at 83, continues to practice by appointment as an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist in the Loop. Dr. Thompson made his first big game safari to Africa in 1922 and his most recent one just four years ago. His tableau includes the neck and head of a giraffe, and heads from a fierce African buffalo, a Grant's gazelle and a Thompson's gazelle (named for a different Thompson).

In a recessed portion of the opposite wall repose glass cases housing smaller but no less interesting keepsakes. Among them are several shrunk human heads prepared by the less friendly peoples of South America, some of which have been reduced to a hat size of about 1½. There is also the complete shrunk body of a 14-year-old boy, said to be one of four such curios in existence.

Other displays are playing cards used by explorers at both Poles to while away the cold summer and winter nights; knives employed in various times and places and for various purposes, mostly homicidal, and a head hunter's ax in vogue among practitioners of that art in the hinterlands of the Philippines.

One case contains a red arm band

Rare weapons are collected by Make Mills, retired police lieutenant, who holds a 17th century Russian dueling pistol.



Marlin Perkins, Adventurer and Lincoln Park zoo director, frolics with one of his live game specimens.



C. J. Albrecht at work on mounting of a huge Kodiak bear for the Natural History museum. He was on the Alaskan expedition that brought it home.



shot with a bow and arrow by Walther Buchen, an advertising man and past president of the club.

Ranged above the library shelves are the Adventurers club flags, probably the most venerated of all the exhibits. Whenever a member sets out for some far off spot seldom visited by Americans, he is given a flag, a red, white and blue banner fringed with gold and bearing his name, the club crest, the year and his destination.

The 72 flags now displayed at the club have been carried into the stratosphere, to the bottom of the sea, up the sides of rugged mountain peaks, over the deserts of Africa and Asia, and thru the jungle swamps of South America, to every country on the globe.

There is a long standing tradition that the Adventurers club flag always comes back. Of those taken out since the birth of the group, only two have failed to return. The first one was buried with author-explorer William R. Giles, who died of wounds and disease in 1923 after being attacked by bandits in the interior of China. The other flag was sent to the bottom of the Pacific ocean by a Japanese mine while en route to Capt. Irving Johnson, who was waiting for it in Singapore early in World War II.

Genuine shrunken heads from South America are included in the bizarre contents of the cases lining one wall of the club.

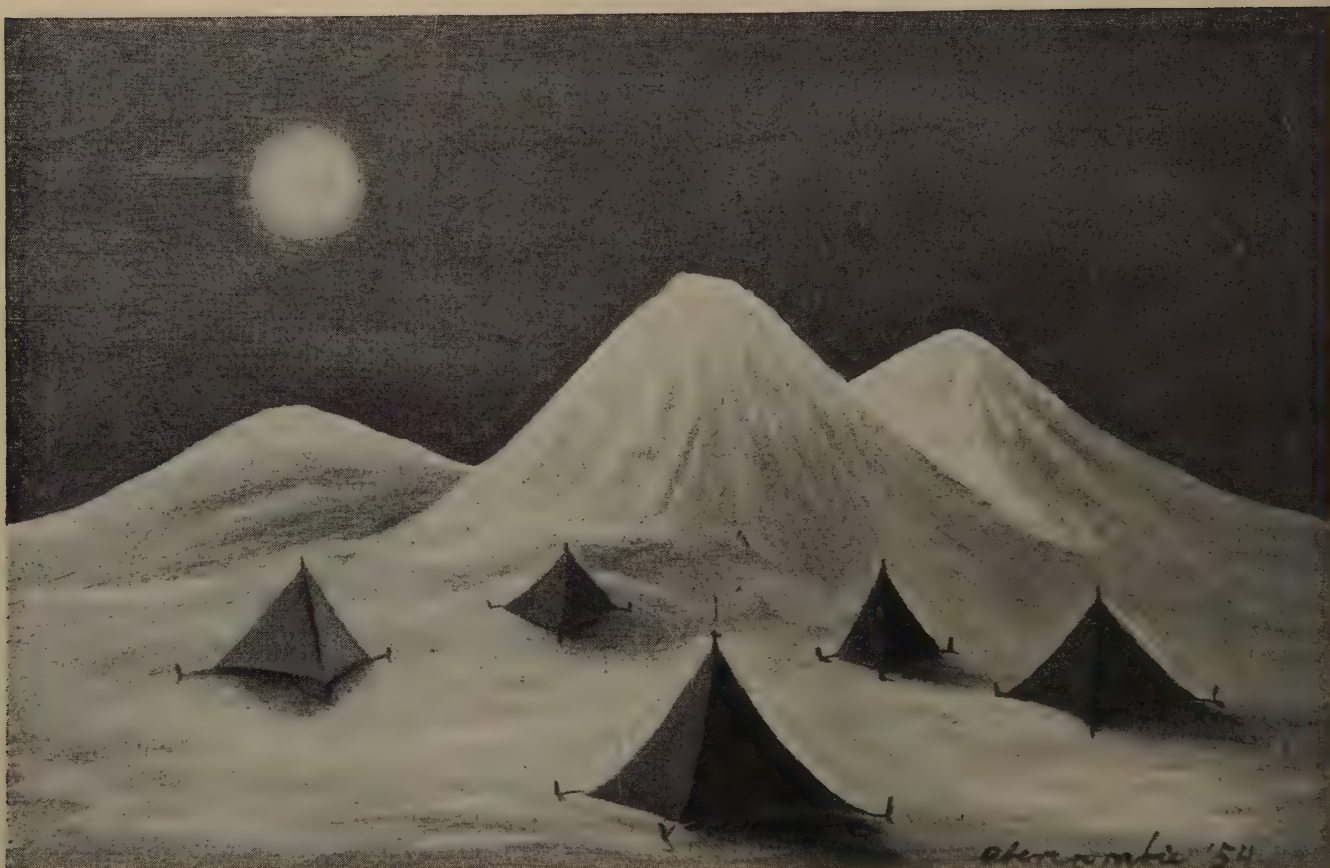
with a black spider insignia donated by Capt. Michael Fielding, one of the club's most traveled and adventured members. The bands were used for identification by a group of soldiers who took part in the jungle fighting in Burma during World War II. Wearing only native garb, they would hide in trees and belabor retreating Japanese troops with spears and other noiseless but lethal missiles.

Captain Fielding, formerly on the staffs of the old *Chicago Journal* and the *Tribune*, is now a lecturer and tour conductor. Presently on a trip around the world, he often spends his time at the club exchanging recollections with Capt. L. R. Claud Robinson. The latter is a La Salle street insurance broker nine months of the year and, during the summer, the proprietor of the Adventurers camp for boys near Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin. Both men are British-born and served in the armies in India, Robinson with the 3rd Bengal Lancers and Fielding with the 54th Sikhs at the Khyber Pass.

Perhaps the most unusual weapons on display are a pair of dueling pistols that date from the 17th century, owned by Make Mills, a retired Chicago police lieutenant who for many years headed the department's "anarchist squad." These flint-lock guns, each about a foot and a half long, are believed to have been made by Arabians and presented to the Russian royal family around 1660. Mills got them from a czarist general who had smuggled them out of St. Petersburg during the revolution. Their barrels are trimmed in ornate pink veneer.

Another prized item is a huge mastodon tusk found in Alaska and said to be 80,000 years old. From the same area comes the head of a brown bear

Portfolio: Gertrude Abercrombie



This amiable vision may be said to inhabit the middle range of South Side artist Gertrude Abercrombie's celebrated fantasy, which at its somberest extreme is almost unbearably gripping. In the higher register, invention transpires with childish delight, releasing a menagerie of favored objects including sea shells, ruins, ribbons and ancient furniture, as well as whales, cats, giraffes and owls — none without the unique and authentic strangeness which it is Miss Abercrombie's gift to create. Most of her recent work is on the lighter side, and may be seen during December at the Marshall Field galleries.

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THE LANTERN

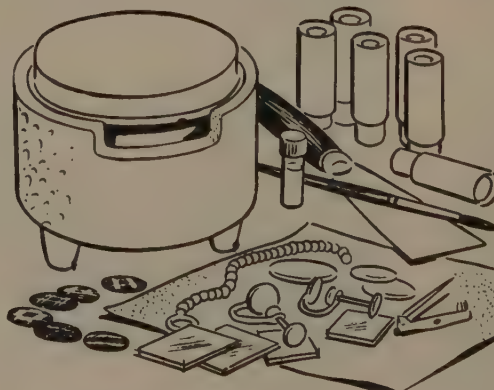
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New Books for a Prairie Library

Catalog for 1949-1954

Of the books about the heartland that have been published in the past five years, about 90 found an audience enthusiastic enough to keep them in demand and available at most book stores. Of this group, one third is about some aspect of Chicago. The following selected titles are of more or less general interest, excluding technical and academic works.

CHICAGO HISTORY

- Dedmon, Emmett. **Fabulous Chicago**. 1953. Random House. \$5. 359pp., ill., new edition. Thoro, readable history; political and social emphasis.
- Jensen, George P. **Historic Chicago Sites**. 1953. Creative Enterprises. \$5. 185pp., maps. Historical markers and locations.
- Pierce, Bessie L. **History of Chicago**. Knopf. \$5. 2 vols.: 1673-1848 and 1848-1871.
- Wendt, Lloyd, & Kogan, Herman. **Big Bill of Chicago**. 1953. Bobbs-Merrill. 384pp., ill. Colorful biography of William Hale Thompson.

MIDWESTERN HISTORY

- Briggs, H. E. **Frontiers of the Northwest**. 1951. P. Smith. \$5. Upper Missouri valley.
- Buley, R. C. **The Old Northwest: pioneer period, 1815-1840**. 1951. Indiana University Press. \$15. 2nd printing.
- Drury, John. **Midwest Heritage**. 1948. A. A. Wyn. \$5. A pictorial history, with hundreds of 19th century engravings.
- Pease, Theodore C. **The Story of Illinois**. Revised 1949. University of Chicago Press. \$5. History based on the 5-volume centennial history of Illinois.
- Power, R. L. **Planting Corn Belt Culture**; the impress of the upland Southerner and Yankee in the Old Northwest. 1953. Indiana Historical Society. \$2.
- Prucha, F. P. **Broadax and Bayonet**. 1953. Wisconsin State Historical Society. \$4. The Army of the Old Northwest.
- Randall, Ruth P. **Mary Lincoln: the biography of a marriage**. 1953. Little, Brown. 555pp. Historical study by the wife of the noted Civil War historian.
- Schoolcraft, H. R. **Narrative Journal of Travels thru the Northwestern Regions of the United States, extending from Detroit thru the great chain of American lakes to the sources of the Mississippi river, in the year 1820**. 1953. Michigan State College Press. \$7.50.
- Tryon, Warren S. (editor). **Mirror for Americans**. 1952. University of Chicago Press. 3 vols., of which vol. 2 concerns the Midwest; selections from contemporary

writings about early America, by Americans; illustrated with old engravings.

SPORTS

- Brown, Warren. **The Chicago Cubs**. Putnam. \$3.50.
- Brown, Warren. **The Chicago White Sox**. 1952. Putnam. \$3.50.
- Roberts, Howard. **The Chicago Bears**. Putnam. \$3.50.
- Ward, Arch (editor). **Greatest Sport Stories**. 1953. G. S. Barnes. \$5. From the *Tribune*.

RAILROADS

- Casey, Robert J., & Douglas, W. A. S. **Pioneer Railroad; the story of the Chicago and North Western system**. 1948. McGraw. \$4. 334pp., ill.
- Corliss, C. J. **Main Line of Mid-America**. 1950. Creative Age. \$4.75. About the Illinois Central railroad.
- Hayes, William Edward. **Iron Road to Empire; the history of 100 years of the progress and achievements of the Rock Island lines**. 1953. Simmons-Boardman. 306pp., ill.
- Lewis L., & Pargellis, S. M. (editors). **Granger Country**. 1949. Little, Brown. \$5. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.

- Hansen, Harry. **The Chicago**. 1942. Rinehart. \$4. The Rivers of America series; the Chicago river in history; ill.
- Hillman, A., & Casey, R. J. **Tomorrow's Chicago**. 1953. University of Chicago Press. \$3.50. The city planning problem.
- Hutchins, R. M. **The University of Utopia**. 1953. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50. Lectures describing the university plan.
- Liebling, A. J. **Chicago: the second city**. 1952. Knopf. \$2.50. 143pp., with Steinberg drawings. Articles from the *New Yorker* in book form; superficial, controversial.
- Smith, Alson J. **Chicago's Left Bank**. 1953. Regnery. \$3.95. 273pp., ill. The art and bohemia elements of the city.

MIDWESTERN MISCELLANY

- Dawson, Frank. **Midwestern Years**. 1951. Exposition. \$2.50. Essays and poems.
- Dubkin, Leonard. **Wolf Point**. 1953. Putnam.
- Gray, James. **The Illinois**. 1940. Farrar & Rinehart. \$4. The Rivers of America series; the Illinois river in history.
- Havighurst, Walter. **The Great Plains**. 1951. Fider. \$2.36. Life in America series; picture maps by Charles Vanderwoud.
- Havighurst, Walter. **The Midwest**. 1951. Fider. \$2.36. Life in America series; picture maps by Jessie Miersman.



CHICAGO MISCELLANY

- Algren, Nelson. **Chicago: city on the make**. 1951. Doubleday. \$1.50. Rough and controversial.
- Casey, Robert J. **Chicago Medium Rare: when we were both younger**. 1952. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50. 347pp., ill. Nostalgia, 1890-1910.
- Cathedral of the Holy Name. **100 Years: the history of the Church of the Holy Name, the chapel that became a cathedral, and the story of Catholicism in Chicago**. Published by the cathedral. \$3.
- Halper, Albert (editor). **This Is Chicago**, an anthology. 1952. Holt. \$5. 489pp., a collection of outstanding articles by Chicago writers.

- Havighurst, Walter. **Song of the Pines**; a story of Norwegian lumbering in Wisconsin. 1949. Winston. \$2.50. ill. by Richard Floethe.
- Hecht, Ben. **A Child of the Century**. 1954. Simon & Schuster. Autobiography.
- Hutton, Graham. **Midwest at Noon**. University of Chicago Press. \$3.50. Still in print; thoughtful social study of the Midwest by an Englishman.
- Illinois Association of Teachers of English. **Illinois Authors and a literary map of Illinois**. 1952.
- Martin, John Bartlow. **Adlai Stevenson**. 1952. Harper. 175pp., written for the presidential campaign.
- Monaghan, J. **This Is Illinois**, a pictorial history. 1949. University of Chicago

Press. \$5. 211pp., mostly pictures.
 Nye, Russell B. **Midwestern Progressive Politics**; a historical study of its origin and development. Michigan State College Press. \$5. ill., a thoro and serious study.
 Osborn, C. S. & S. B. **Northwoods Sketches**. Historical Society of Michigan. \$2.50.
 Sandburg, Carl. **Poems of the Midwest**. 1946. The World Publishing Co., Cleveland. 267pp., ill., contains **Chicago Poems** and **Cornhuskers**; The Living Library series.

HISTORICAL FICTION

Garth, D. **Fire on the Wind**. 1951. Putnam. \$3.50. 378pp., Great Lakes at the time of the Civil War.

Holt, Isabelle. **Rampole Place**. 1952. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50. 372pp., the Midwest in 1906-12.
 Kelly, Eleanor M. **Richard Walden's Wife**. 1950. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3. Pioneer Wisconsin.
 Meeker, Arthur. **Prairie Avenue**. 1949. Knopf. \$3. A fictional history of Chicago's former Gold Coast.
 Morris, I. V. **The Chicago Story**. 1952. Doubleday. \$3.50. The rise and fall of a meat-packing family, 1905-50.
 Smith, Madeline B. **Lemon Jellycake**. 1952. Little, Brown. \$3. 240pp., family life in Troy, Ill., 1900.
 Teilhet, D. Le Ora. **Steamboat on the River**. 1952. Sloane. \$3.50. 256pp., ill., set in "Abe Lincoln's riverboat days."
 West, Jessamyn. **Witch Diggers**. 1951.

Harcourt. \$3.50. Macabre story of poor farm life, 1899.

GENERAL FICTION

Bellow, Saul. **The Adventures of Augie March**. 1953. Viking. \$4.50. 536pp., about a Chicago boy growing up in the '20s and '30s; winner National Book Award.
 Brooks, Gwendolyn. **Maud Martha**. 1953. Harper. \$2.50. 180pp., the life of a colored girl on the South Side.
 Budd, Lillian. **Land of Strangers**. 1953. Lippincott. \$3.50. 369pp., Swedish immigrants in Chicago; sequel to **April Snow**.
 Burnett, William Riley. **The Asphalt Jungle**. 1949. Knopf. \$2.75. 271pp. Life in the underworld.
 De Jong, David C. **Two Sofas in the Parlor**. 1952. Doubleday. \$3. 253pp., Dutch immigrants in Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Dos Passos, John. **Chosen Country**. 1951. Houghton. \$4. 485pp.
 Farrell, James T. **The Face of Time**. 1953. Vanguard. \$3.75. Chicago in 1936.
 Hobart, Alice Tisdale. **Serpent-wreathed Staff**. 1951. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50. 403 pp., doctors in Midwest setting.
 Jonas, Carl. **Jefferson Selleck**. 1951. Little, Brown. \$3. 303pp., a businessman reflects on his respectable, limited life.
 Paul, Charlotte. **Hear My Heart Speak**. 1950. Messner. \$3. 20th century Wisconsin.
 Routsong, Alma. **Gradual Joy**. 1953. Houghton. \$2. 199pp., story of a marriage; Michigan locale.
 Steen, M. **Jehovah Blues**. 1952. Doubleday. \$3.75. 317pp., last of a trilogy about the Flood family.
 Thompson, M. **Not as a Stranger**. 1954. Scribner. \$4.75. 948pp., a story about medical practice in the Midwest.
 Walker, Mildred. **Medical Meeting**. 1949. Harcourt. \$3.
 Ward, Mary Jane. **It's Different for a Woman**. 1952. Random House. \$3. 246pp., life in the suburbs.
 Yaffe, James. **What's the Big Hurry?** 1954. Little, Brown. \$3.75. A Chicago story.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Auslander, Joseph, & Wurdemann, A. **My Uncle Jan**. 1948. Longmans. 19th century Wisconsin.
 Bro, M. H. **Stub**, a college romance. 1952. Doubleday. \$2.50. 20th century Illinois.
 Daly, Maureen. **Seventeenth Summer**. 1948. Dodd. \$3. 20th century Wisconsin.
 Du Jardin, Rosamond. **Boy Trouble**. 1953. Lippincott. \$2.50.
 Edwards, Edward J. **The Chosen**. 1949. Longmans. \$3. Four young men studying for the priesthood.
 Howard, Elizabeth. **North Winds Blow Free**. 1949. Morrow. \$2.50. 19th century Michigan.
 Howard, Elizabeth. **Peddler's Girl**. 1951. Morrow. \$2.50. 19th century Michigan.
 Rosenheim, L. G. **Dancing Heart**. 1951. Messner. \$2.50.

FOR CHILDREN

Bailey, B. F. **Picture Book of Illinois**. 1949. A. Whitman. \$1.
 Wilson, William E. **Abe Lincoln of Pigeon Creek**. 1949. McGraw. \$3. Child's biography of Lincoln as a boy.

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a story by

James A. Maxwell

THE CRYSTAL AGE



THE CRYSTAL AGE

Owners of television sets are, on the whole, an intolerant lot who view non-owners with a mixture of annoyance and distrust. My more progressive friends, for example, find frequent occasion at parties — where the talk often centers on the glories of the new medium — to denounce me as an intellectual snob and a technological reactionary, merely because I haven't, as yet, bought a glass screen for our home. My wife, on the other hand, is treated with the gentle sympathy reserved for women unfortunate enough to be married to men who refuse to provide the simple necessities.

I find it awkward to explain to these zealots that my chariness in the field of electronics stems from my childhood. Broadcasting, in its early days, seriously disrupted the usually placid relationships in my family and I've been reluctant to become involved with the industry ever since. Time will undoubtedly assuage my apprehension — I finally got around to buying a radio — but, meanwhile, I find it easier to fabricate excuses than to worry about the effects of a 20-inch tube upon my home life.

MY GRANDFATHER introduced my family into the Marconi-DeForest era one Saturday afternoon in September, 1922, when he returned from work with a cigar box which some man in his shop had converted into a crystal radio set. My parents lived next door to my grandparents on the West Side and grandfather immediately asked us to come over and see the new wonder. When we arrived, my aunt and uncle who lived in the apartment over my grandparents, were already present.

All of us gathered around the radio which grandfather had placed on the library table. The set was undoubtedly of simple construction but it looked mysterious and highly complicated to our untutored eyes. There seemed to be forests of connecting posts on the top of the box and a vast web of wires on the under side of the lid. Part of the side had been cut away to make room for a six-inch coil of shining copper and a sliding connection that could be moved across it.

Grandfather shut the lid and pointed dramatically to a small, round piece of mineral set in a metal casing. "That's the heart of the machine," he said. "That's the crystal. This little wire on a spindle suspended above it is known as a cat's whisker and it can be moved over the surface of the crystal. When it reaches a sensitive point, you have it."

"You have what?" Grandmother said with suspicion.

"Whatever's being broadcast," Grandfather said impatiently. "Music, speeches, everything."

"All three of our families have phonographs, and who likes speeches?" Grandmother said.

Her husband ignored her. He reached into a cardboard box that rested on the table next to the radio and brought forth two sets of earphones. "We listen thru these," he said, "and if more than two want to hear, we can take an ear piece off of each of the head clamps and make four sources of sound."

"I'll bet it will attract lightning," Grandmother said as she walked toward the bedroom.

"I have to go down to the hardware store and get some wire for an aerial and a ground," Grandfather said, "so we can't set it up now. Anyway, reception is much better at night." We all nodded in solemn agreement.

That evening, immediately after dinner, all of us regathered at my grandparents' home and watched Grandfather prepare the radio for operation. It rested, like some strange idol, upon a card table in the middle of the living room. Grandfather worked deliberately and, I suspect, with some degree of theatricalism as he attached a wire to one of the terminals on the set and ran it to one of the steam radiators for a ground, and extended another from a second post out of the living room window. There was some disagreement between my uncle and Grandfather as to whether or not closing the window on the wire would cut off reception, but since no one was certain, Grandfather permitted the window to remain open for an inch or two above the aerial. Finally, he attached the two sets of earphones. Marconi, himself, could not have been more solemn than Grandfather as he pulled up a straight-backed chair to the table, sat down and majestically adjusted the headset to his rather prominent ears.

My father separated one of the ear pieces from the other head clamp so that two more of us could listen and handed one part to Grandmother, who was watching the entire procedure with obvious misgiving; the other was given to me as the youngest and most impatient. It took persuasion from the other adults to convince Grandmother that she would not receive a shock from the round, black diaphragm, but finally she placed it tentatively to her ear. Tingling with excitement, I used both hands to hold my receiver.

No one spoke as Grandfather carefully began to move the cat's whisker across the crystal. For a few moments there was no sound from the earphone.

"I can't hear anything," Grandmother complained loudly. Everyone else hissed, "Shss." Suddenly a fine, rousing, crackling noise seemed to leap out of my receiver. "You've got something," I cried, "you've got something."

Grandfather nodded, his eyes focused with grave concentration upon his delicate work. Father put his head on the other side of my diaphragm to hear the strange uproar. The racket increased in intensity as the thin wire explored the various facets and crevices of the crystal and everyone formed a close semi-circle around Grandfather. The tension had reached an especially high peak — I had reported that I *thought* I could hear music thru the din — when Grandmother abruptly handed her ear piece to my mother. "Here, Margaret," she said. "I can get the same effect by frying eggs."

There was a shocked silence and Grandfather's hand froze on the rod which controlled the cat's whisker as he looked at his wife with distaste. "Science will always be beyond you, Mary," he said bitterly. Grandmother went into the kitchen without answering but there ensued considerable clattering of dishes and banging of pots and pans. The noise was distracting but no one seemed to want to remonstrate with her or even to close the kitchen door.

The other members of the family, however, remained close to the radio for the rest of the evening. The detached pieces of the one headset were passed around among my uncle, aunt, my parents and me while Grandfather, of course, kept his complete earphones and operated the machine. It was a thrilling rather than a rewarding evening. At least a half-dozen times we heard snatches of music and fragments of speech, but Grandfather could never stabilize the tuning sufficiently to give us more than a tantalizing few moments. "I'll get better at this as I gain experience," Grandfather said cheerfully when the party finally broke up about ten-thirty. All agreed that he had done exceptionally well for his first attempt. Grandmother, who had rejoined the group after finishing with the dishes, but who sat in the corner of the living room reading a magazine, looked up and shook her head slowly at us.

MY GRANDPARENTS' living room had always served as a more or less regular gathering place for the immediate consanguinity, but for the next several weeks it became a club that was attended nightly by the three families. Unless she was cleaning, Grandmother didn't even bother to move the five chairs which we had grouped around

Grandfather's central position.

During the first few sessions, all of us were too impressed with Grandfather's superior knowledge of radio to make any suggestions about his manipulations, but after a while it became apparent even to us that he was not an ideal operator. His principal flaw lay in his tendency to continue to move the cat's whisker even when he had faint, but distinct reception. After our first reticence had worn off, the two other auditors would attempt to assist him by shouting, "That's it! That's it!" whenever a sensitive spot on the crystal had been reached. Usually, Grandfather would continue his search and this would bring forth an anguished, "You just had it," from his unwanted assistants. Frequently, Grandfather would become impatient with our unsolicited aid. "Damn it, I can hear," he would say with annoyance. "I can hear as well as any of you."

One half of his statement was strictly true. He was certainly not deaf and it would have been unfair even to classify him under the indefinite heading "hard of hearing." But, on the other hand, his auditory sense was not as acute as the younger listeners' and this variance led to frustration for us and fits of pique for Grandfather.

Our seances, however, must have been infinitely more trying on my grandmother even tho she never again listened to the crystal set after the first night. She was a gregarious, convivial woman, passionately devoted to conversation, and the presence of six members of her family who sat immovable as salt pillars amidst a shroud of heavy silence never ceased to infuriate her. "I could find better company in a Trappist monastery," she said acidulously one evening.

She usually sat with us in the living-room and often expressed her displeasure with the proceedings by vigorously turning the pages of the evening paper which she always read from front page to want-ads. The forceful rattling of the newspaper sounded as loud as a brush fire in the quiet room and seriously interfered with our hearing the faint reception that usually came thru the earphones. There had been a chorus of "shush-ing" the first time Grandmother had employed her tactics but she had not taken lightly to the reprimand. "When I can no longer read in my own house," she had said icily, "that cigar box goes into the furnace." Since there was no doubt in any of our minds that she was in earnest, there was no further attempt to censure her.

My grandparents had acrimonious exchanges, however, each time she would unhook the aerial and ground wires and bury the radio between

thick layers of sheets and pillow cases in her bureau drawer. Grandmother went thru this procedure with the set the moment she heard a distant peal of thunder, and no assurances from Grandfather that the radio did not act as a lightning rod, or protests that unskilled handling would ruin the delicate instrument ever persuaded her to desist. "Like attracts like," she said with finality, if not scientific logic, during one altercation I witnessed. "I refuse to be struck dead because of your toys."

After a while, my parents and my aunt and uncle began to lose interest in radio and Grandmother's spirits revived, since she could then visit the home of one or the other family. Some evenings only Grandfather and I listened, which meant I could have an entire headset for myself, a circumstance which probably prolonged my enthusiasm. Whenever I became bored with what I heard, I could pretend I was a radio operator sending out an S.O.S. from a sinking ship as the water crept up around my knees and the desperate captain pleaded with me to get aid for the endangered passengers. Rapidly, yet coolly, I would tap out the message on the arm of my chair.

I can now see that it was undoubtedly Grandmother's antagonism which kept Grandfather a radio devotee for such a long time. Even he must have lost his taste for scratchy records and dull talk long before he gave up listening, but he could hardly retire gracefully after his wife began to refer to him as "Mister Hear-No-Evil."

GRANDFATHER'S WILL, however, cracked one evening in mid-November of the same year. Only he and I were listening while Grandmother thumbed thru a magazine on the couch across the room from us. I became hungry after a while so I took off my earphones and went out to the kitchen to make myself a peanut butter sandwich and to pour a glass of milk. The evening paper was on the refrigerator so I read the comic sheet while I was having my refreshments.

I forgot about Grandfather and the radio and began to whistle loudly as I walked into the living room. He looked at me with wide-eyed astonishment and I immediately ceased making the noise. "Don't stop," he said with excitement. "Do it again."

"Do what?" I said in bewilderment.

"That song," he said. "Whistle it! Start whistling right where it is now." Grandmother dropped the magazine to her lap and stared at her spouse as tho he had lost his reason.

"Like this?" I said, and I picked up the rhythm and resumed whistling.

"My God, you can hear it way over there," he said in an odd, strangled

voice. He turned to his wife. "Mary, can you hear it, too?"

"Hear what?" she asked dubiously.

"The music, damn it, the music," he cried. "The Merry Widow Waltz. He had to be hearing it because he was whistling it right in time with the band."

Grandmother and I started to laugh. She looked at her husband with the two black diaphragms against his ears, his face a study in unrepressed excitement, and her laughter mounted to a roar of merriment that shook her entire body. "Mr. Edison," she gasped between guffaws, "Mr. Thomas Alva Edison."

"What are you laughing about," Grandfather shouted. "This is the greatest thing that ever happened to a crystal set. You can hear it all over this room."

"Take off your ear muffs, Mr. Edison," she called out with glee. "That's Fannie's phonograph upstairs that you hear."

With a mixture of apprehension and disbelief, Grandfather put his hands up to the sides of his head and slowly removed his earphones. He sat there listening with a deadly calm for several moments. "She just put it on a minute ago," I said in an attempt to pacify him. The sound of the Lehar music came distantly but unmistakably from my aunt's apartment above us.

Grandfather dropped the headpiece on the table next to the radio and rose slowly from his chair. "There's no peace in this house," he said coldly. Then, without getting either his hat or coat, he walked out the front door. Grandmother's mocking laughter must have followed him to the street. I found out later that he didn't return until two o'clock the next morning.

It rained that day and the radio was again buried with the bedroom linens. I had dinner with my grandparents that evening because my parents had gone to a party and I watched my grandfather with interest when the meal was over. He left the table but, when we went into the living room, he didn't even glance in the direction of the table which always held the radio. Instead, he pulled out one of the Harvard Classics from behind the glass-front bookcase and settled down in one of the overstuffed chairs and determinedly began to read. Grandmother apparently felt no comment was necessary and I was reluctant to say anything.

Grandfather never mentioned the crystal set again and about six months later, grandmother unearthed it and gave it to a Salvation Army man who came to make a collection.

My grandparents were the last family on our street to buy a battery-powered radio with a horn speaker.



The knockdown. Cat of the Year is a chinchilla named Champion Kerry Lu Ramon of Casa Contenta and known to his intimates as Ray. His mother-in-law is Casa Contenta Easter Doll. Ray's wife stayed home in San Diego with five kittens too young to travel.



Sinbad, a big black Persian, gets his stomach hair combed unceremoniously in preparation for judging.



Siamese ignores his own examination to check apprehensively on the progress of his rivals.



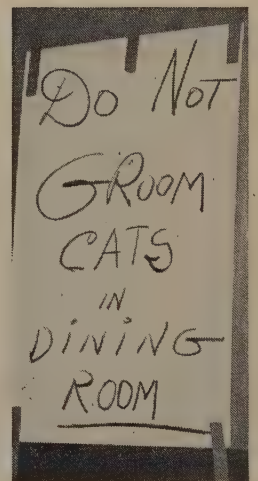
CAT SHOW

The nation's Cat of the Year gave his mother-in-law a royal clout on the jaw to climax a Northwest Side competition

photographs by David Jackson



Potential buyers get contemptuous glowers from Siamese kittens. They're valued at \$75 to \$100.



Cat-indifferent daughter of a cat-loving mother whiles away the evening with a crayon book.



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As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. Buckner S. Morris, the city's second mayor, died in December, 1879, in his daughter's home on the South Side. He was 79 years old . . . A party hailed as one of the most **elegant social assemblies** in the city's history took place in the home of Perry H. Smith at the north-west corner of Pine (north Michigan) and Huron. General Ulysses S. Grant headed the list of 750 guests . . . The new **Central Music hall** at State and Randolph was dedicated . . . Mayor Carter Harrison sr. asked the city council to amend the law requiring saloons to close at midnight. Not only was it being widely violated, he pointed out, but it made it difficult for 3,000 night workers to obtain "refreshing liquid just previous to their retiring."



50 YEARS AGO. In December, 1904, Mandel Brothers announced plans for a \$500,000, 12-story addition to its store at 111-15 south Wabash . . . **Maude Adams** was appearing at the Illinois theater . . . Beethoven's Fifth symphony was the major work played by Theodore Thomas and the Chicago Symphony orchestra at the dedication concert for Orchestra hall. A few days later Thomas lay ill in his home on Bellevue place, missing rehearsals for the first time since he had founded the orchestra . . . **John D. Rockefeller** gave the University of Chicago a Christmas present of more than \$2,000,000 to be used for new buildings . . . An \$800,000 fire leveled two seven-story buildings and a five-story one at 152-64 west Van Buren.



25 YEARS AGO. A raid in December, 1929, brought to light the existence of the most luxurious speakeasy in the country, the Epicure, located at 19 Cedar street . . . **Forty-thousand chickens** were killed in a big fire in the Fulton street market . . . Twelve chorus girls and an equal quantity of **jai alai players** fled one in the Rainbo Gardens at Clark and Lawrence . . . A \$1,500,000 blaze destroyed a grain elevator at 103rd and Indianapolis . . . Wreckers began razing the old **Del Prado hotel**, a survivor of the Columbian Exposition on the north side of the Midway between Dorchester and Blackstone. The name survived, however, as the management bought and rechristened the Cooper-Carlton hotel at 53rd and Hyde Park.



All over the world, steak and Chicago are more or less tied together. This is as it should be, since probably no other city in history has blessed humanity with as many prime steaks. There have been club steaks, T-bone steaks, porterhouse steaks, chuck steaks, flank steaks and round steaks. Above all, there have been sirloin steaks.

It isn't surprising then that the selection, preparation and serving of prime steaks has become a fine art here.

Selection of the steak starts with the arrival of the cattle at the Union Stock Yards. Some of the animals have been carefully fed on corn. Others are fresh off the grassy rangelands of the west. U. S. government inspectors look over the herds and grade each animal. Slightly under ten per cent of the steers are judged as prime. About 35 per cent are rated choice. Good, commercial and utility grades make up most of the remainder of the beef production.

Buyers for the packers have just as fine an eye for grade as do the inspectors, and they buy the beef on the hoof with a knowledge of just what the meat will bring on the market. The law of supply and demand operates grimly at the stock yards and the prices the buyers pay vary considerably, but always the packers vie for the prime meats.

It gives a packer a good feeling to walk into his immense larder and find thick-fleshed, blocky, compact carcasses hanging row on row. That is the way prime beef looks. When he examines the beef closely and sees that the fat is firm, brittle and a trifle waxy, and is smooth and evenly distributed over the carcass, he is even happier, for that means the beef is indeed excellent. If, taking a knife, he cuts into the meat a bit and finds it smooth and velvety in appearance with a marked marbling of fat with lean, he smiles with heartfelt satisfaction, for that is just as the prime beef should be.

The color of the meat may range from a pale to a deep blood red, but if it is uniform in tone and bright and if the feather bones are a soft red and terminate in clean white cartilage, the packer knows he has the very finest prime beef in his freezer.

Of course, the fine beef profits from aging. In fact, it is only prime beef that will age properly. That is because the thick, uniform covering of fat prevents discoloration of the lean meat and keeps evaporation of juices down. A prime beef can be aged from three to six weeks at temperatures between 34 and 38 degrees. Then it's ready for the chef.

Part of Chicago's splendid prime beef, of course, is shipped to cities all

ETIQUETTE:

How to Serve Stock Yards Aristocrats

by Richard Dunlop



drawing by W. P. Eaton

over the nation. A small portion goes to the city's meat markets. Most markets, however, both in the big chain stores and elsewhere, carry choice meats as their top grade. Most people encounter the prime beef only when they dine out at one of the better steak houses or restaurants.

Not more than 30 or 40 places in town serve prime beef consistently. Many others have what is called "prime rib of beef," but "prime" has a different meaning in that phrase. It refers to the cut, not the grade of the meat. Most places that serve U.S. prime meat say so specifically on their menus.

Prime grade beef is offered in steak houses like the Stock Yard Inn, the Porterhouse of the Hotel Sherman, the Rib Room at the Edgewater Beach, Isbell's Short Horn Room, the Erie Cafe and Barney's Market Club, as well at such other places as the Conrad Hilton hotel, the Palmer House, the

Pump Room, the Cameo and the Imperial House.

Every day or so the chef from each top steak house goes out to the yards to see what the packers have to offer. Arnold Neesen of the Stock Yard Inn finds he competes with the same old rivals for the best prime beef. He feels a little chagrined when he sees the stamp of the Porterhouse, for example, on prize meat. He is elated when he can put his own "U. S. Y. A. T." for Union Stock Yards and Transit Co., the firm which owns the Inn, on the finest meat in the refrigerator.

"There simply isn't enough top prime beef to go around," says Bob Foss, manager of the Stock Yard Inn. "The trouble is that sometimes the prime is perhaps a bit too fat and we won't buy it. And, you know, we lose about five per cent in shrinkage during the aging. That means five per cent less steak, and anybody who prizes steak like we do out here will admit that this is no loss to be taken lightly."

To broil a steak, Chef Neesen seasons it with pepper and salt. He grinds his own pepper, of course. Then he dips the meat in oil. Meanwhile he gets his broiler as hot as possible.

For two minutes he broils the steak under this searing heat. Then he turns it over and exposes the other side for two minutes more. This seals the pores. Once the pores are sealed, the juice will not run out and be lost during the rest of the broiling.

The chef then turns the fire down to 350 degrees and keeps the steak cooking for about 14 minutes, if the guest prefers his rare. Medium done takes about 18 minutes and well done about 25.

"That's all there is to it," he says. "The trick is to seal the pores properly. That's where many chefs and housewives go wrong and spoil even the wonderful prime steaks."

Meanwhile the Mouse

Meanwhile the mouse had sported neath the cloth,
The flowered cloth, its soft mound moved,
Form of a form, lump of a living lump,
It moved, exploring felt and bits of food,
Moved to its ecstasy, moved to its lure,
Then disappeared behind the kitchen stove.

A day apart, I baited spare lean traps,
And tied, oh most unsporting, bits of cheese
Fast to the bait-lip, as the industry
Calls the bit copper that entice the rodent;
I tied, I sprung, half-sprung the wounding sprang,
And put in threes beneath the sink, the sink.

No sound has come. (A night, fell night, has passed.)
No sound has come, but yet did this trap hatch?
No mouse's moved, no felt is scratched, no crumb
Disturbed upon its pattern all the darkness.
And mayhap, somehow, as I rested deep
The trap could, might have, sprung. I'll go and look.

Oh mouse, oh tidy mouse, oh fur-napped mouse!
Sure as the eye's swift beam, I see you there,
Entrapped by tied-on cheese, you of them all!
Asleep upon a pillow, cheese or down,
Behold so neatly round the throat we crept
That sure you had no chance to cry at all.

Well, sickness comes to you as health to mine.
No penicillin can awaken thee
Though all the brains of science fasten hungrily
On your most small sad case. A farewell then,
Take all your mystic news to breast, for where
You go, brave sciences lack curiosity.

Ruth Herschberger



by Stenterello

There are plenty of older opera companies, but few better ones than the Lyric Theater

Let's hang criticism on a hook for a moment and say quite bluntly that the Lyric Theater is the best thing that has happened to Chicago in much too long a time. For those of us who know the "good old days" only as hearsay and who have become accustomed to watching opera thru the fog of transiency and makeshift, the polished professionalism of this group was more than relief — it was revelation. All of this has nothing to do with individual criticisms which can and should be made. But it is a comment on something which is fundamental to the whole question of opera — basic competence — well managed, well directed, well conducted shows.

No one in his right mind can expect great opera, great performance and great spectacle all the time, or even part of the time. But it is fair to demand the possibility of such opera; and the possibility cannot exist where the technical efficiency is lacking. The Lyric Theater offers such a possibility; and we can all go again and again, knowing that the percentages are finally in our favor.

At the time of this report, two op-

eras have been performed, *Norma* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. The opening night's performance of *Norma* was entertaining, to say the least. Bellini's opera is rarely performed, and for good reasons. The title role is exhausting, and the whole business tends to reinforce one's admiration of Bellini's successor, Verdi, who, even at his dullest musically, is still dramatic enough to keep things moving. *Norma*, despite the excellent pacing of this production, is static and tends to fall into isolated sections of operatic cliché.

Maria Meneghini-Callas, who sang the title role, is certainly one of opera's most striking new personalities. I say "personality" because her voice is not her only asset; and at times it is not even her best. She is beautiful to watch, and her presence on the stage is certainly impressive. Her voice is remarkably beautiful most of the time and extraordinarily flexible and agile, even tho she cannot always control its tone quality.

Yet, her handling of this difficult role went far toward holding the opera together. Considering the fact that all the pre-performance ballyhoo was directed toward Callas, the pleasant sur-

prise of the evening was Giulietta Simionato, whose Adalgisa, a role which is not easy either, made the lovely duets with Callas magnificent to hear.

The Taming of the Shrew was good fun. Giannini's music entertains without going beyond bearable eclecticism. Take Richard Strauss, dipped in a sufficient syrup of Puccini and rolled in a thin coating of crumbs from Shakespeare, and you have the best of it.

Complain, if you will, that the beauty of the whole is not equal to the sum of its parts or that this type of confection is familiar in some form to many educated palates; but you can not deny the fact that good candy is good. There's nothing the matter with a sweet tooth for this sort of thing just as long as it doesn't take over one's diet altogether.

All in all it was pretty far from the adventurous new work some of us might have been led to expect, but it was well done and, as a result, enjoyable. Shakespeare did get lost in the composer's efforts to create too many un-shrewish love duets; but these were sung well enough to make the

Music: Opera

loss relatively unimportant.

Now, Chicago has an opera company which can, at its very beginning, rank easily among the best. The big question is whether or not Chicago will be able to hold on to it. This is an expensive business and it will need support. If these two performances are any example (and they must surely be), the Lyric Theater has solved its biggest problem by investing in good management and direction and talented conducting. (Even the aged *Norma* scenery was disguised shrewdly by the clever arrangement of the lighting.)

They have not indulged themselves in needlessly expensive names, making instead the proper assumption that there are plenty of singers who can sing. Good opera needs singers who can listen; and the ensembles in these performances certainly indicate that these singers work together and with respect for their director.

One can always hope for something in the way of broader repertoire. A short season full of Italian plums is probably justifiable, even if a bit indigestible.

At any rate, it looks good—the future, that is.

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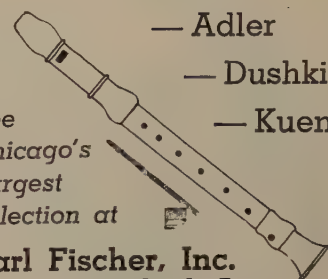
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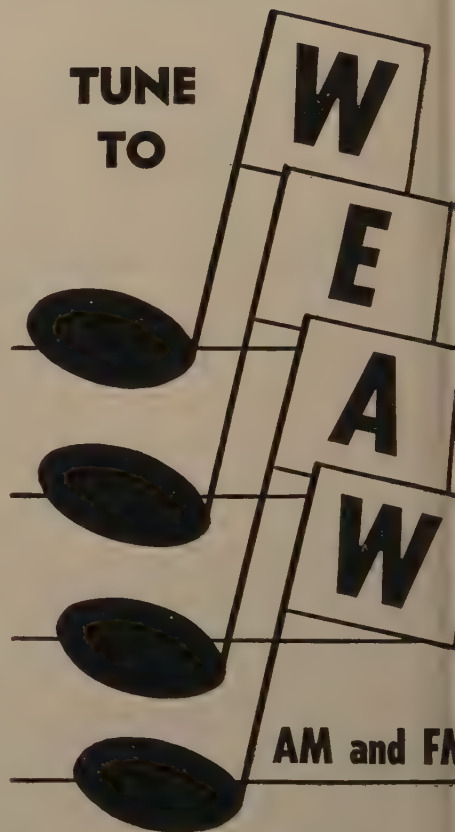
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The Transformation of Mrs. Patterson

by Frank Sandiford



Once upon a time a young man wrote a play, directed and produced it, designed the sets and costumes, as well as acted all the parts. The play was loved by vast audiences and praised by all the critics. It also made a million million dollars. But this was all a dream.

On October 12, *Mrs. Patterson* came to town. It was a dream of painter-writer Charles Sebree. The next day critics said things like "I hope it can be repaired" and "It just didn't come off."

A group of us who knew Charles Sebree as a Chicago painter years ago sat in the audience, watching and listening with mixed feelings. Four years ago Sebree had come to our house and talked about this play, which he was then writing.

He was consumed with excitement and hope for it, and as he talked I turned on my tape recorder without his knowledge. The result is almost half an hour of droll fantasy in which, with large amounts of his own peculiarly Negro whimsy, he made us feel the poignancy of the conflicts that plagued his leading character, a young southern Negro girl. But what we saw and heard at the Harris theater was quite different from that tape recording.

Many of the same lines were spoken, mostly in the first act. Eartha Kitt played, with all the subdued wonder the part calls for, the role of Teddy Hicks—a child just becoming a woman, torn between a desire to leave the squalid shack where she was born a bastard, and a fierce need to identify with Mrs. Patterson, the southern aristocrat for whom her mother works. Teddy wants very much to believe this faded lady is the pinnacle of every-

thing she longs for and can never have. Her last line at the end of act one is no less than classic. When pressed by her puzzled mother to tell her what she wants, she shouts, "I want to be a rich white woman!"

After Teddy is told that if she spits seven times to the east and seven times to the west the devil will appear and give her anything she wants, her fantasies show how torn she is, how much she longs for escape, how in her need for an idol she blinds herself to the fact that Mrs. Patterson pays her mother only three dollars a week minus the cost of whatever she breaks and to whispered hints that this superior white lady is tarnished.

In a series of daydreams "Mr. D" does appear (altho I did miss here the sudden rising of the full moon and the cloud of dazzling light revealing the devil sitting on a "great big ole rock" trimming his toenails with a pair of gold scissors—we were only told this). He has bracelets and beads and gold watches and mouth organs.

He shows her the power he has by revealing an old blues singer (patterned on Bessie Smith) named Bessie Bolt, whom he has imprisoned in the great tree just outside the shack because she cheated at blackjack. He conjures up visions that bring the awed Mrs. Patterson, along with three satirical versions of southern womanhood, the Embree sisters, calling on Teddy, bestowing upon her the honor of acceptance as an equal, an aristocrat. As Teddy prances at teas given in her back yard, which becomes a

place of beauty with the help of Mr. D, her imitations of southern elegance contain some very deft satire.

Thru three acts these fantasies become more involved as Teddy's conflicts become intensified. A neighbor boy, Willie B. Brayboy, slightly older, returns from a trip to Chicago. He enthalls her with tales of the gaiety of the big city in the Twenties. She feels an attraction for him that she only begins to understand. She wants to run off with him to Chicago, but is frightened.

At the end of a weak third act, the boy runs off but Teddy is stopped by her mother and her fanatic aunt. Somehow (and this is not brought out credibly or with authority) Teddy sees the fallacy of her dream world, grows to maturity rather suddenly and desires only to stay with her mother. In a melodramatic final scene she offers to give a dying woman her cherished dress that had belonged to Mrs. Patterson, so that the woman might be buried in something other than sackcloth.

AFTER THE PLAY, Sebree came home with us. Several friends who have known him for years as a painter were present. We were all anxious to know what had happened to his play. "They spoiled it," he said.

Then he told us the story that must be similar to that of every playwright's first play. He said there are men, old in the theater, who seem to be certain that they know how to get a writer's message over to the audience, charm the critics and make money, all at the same time.

Greer Johnson had been brought in to help with the rewriting. Leonard Sillman and Guthrie McClintic were

Theater

to produce the play. Eartha Kitt was secured and, because she is known as a singer, songs were added. They were not bad songs, but not outstanding, either. More important, the play didn't need songs.

Sebree spoke of constant and bitter arguments over changes in the script that left him disillusioned with the theater and filled with a growing determination to present the play as he wrote it in a small off-Broadway house. It would be under his direction, designed by him, and he would act in it.

His feeling could have been the disappointment that any writer feels when he sees his work changed. It may have been frustration at realizing that even after all the hard work a writer does from the time he has the idea until he finishes the play, it is still necessary for other people to per-

fect it for staging.

However, I wished the critics who reviewed the play here had seen it as it was first written, or heard it as it was told four years ago when Sebree said, "It's a satire on southern ladies . . . a propaganda play, but in the right direction."

As it was presented, so much fire and urchin wit and fantasy were gone, in spite of good performances by Enid Markey as Mrs. Patterson, Eartha Kitt as Teddy, and Ruth Attaway, Terry Carter, Avon Long and Helen Dowdy.

One scene, Sebree told us, was cut out completely after the opening in Detroit. It had to do with the revelation of Mrs. Patterson as she is and not as Teddy wants her to be. In a game of blackjack one of the Embree sisters catches Mrs. Patterson cheating. There is an argument in which

the lady brings up her ancestors, the great state of Virginia, and the Confederacy. Teddy ends the scene by calmly announcing that Mrs. Patterson should give back the money so that "we can all be aristocrats again."

This scene would have provided a motivation for the climax. Sebree said the scene was lifted because the producers feared it was too anti-white.

After the Chicago critics had disapproved of the play, this crucial scene was restored, tho somewhat edited. In thus reversing themselves, Sillman and McClintic showed a strength not often displayed in the theater—to admit the critics were right.

When *Mrs. Patterson* opens in New York this month, Sebree will be in a position to tell them so. He's there for rehearsals of his second play, *Fisher Boy*.

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by William Swartchild jr.

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In the 17th century an enterprising wine producer in southwestern France was confronted with a modern-sounding problem: the cost of transportation had become so high it was affecting the sale of his wines. As a remedy he hit upon the idea of evaporating the wine into a concentrate which would be more economical to ship, and could be diluted with water for drinking.

And so a new beverage was born. Because this aggressive gentleman was of Dutch ancestry, he called the product "brantjwyn," meaning burnt wine. Later the name became brandywine. The only place he missed his guess was that his new discovery was so good that no one wanted to spoil the flavor by adding water.

Today, grapes and other fruits are

distilled into brandy all over the world.

But only in the tiny region in southwest France known as Cognac may the rich golden distillate of grapes be called cognac. The French government exercises strict control over the names which may be applied to its various vinous products — and the name cognac is jealously guarded. A brandy made of grapes has the right to be labeled "cognac" only when all of these three qualifications are satisfied:

1. The grapes used must be the white ones grown in the region of Cognac.
2. The distillation itself must take place in the region of Cognac.
3. The distillation must be accomplished by the traditional and ancient methods of that region.

To clarify a common confusion on the subject: cognac is brandy, but brandy which has qualified under all three of the above conditions. Some distilleries in that region also distill grapes not grown in the area. They have the right to do this, of course, but they do not have the right to call the product cognac. Such a product is labeled only "brandy."

Furthermore, there are six government-approved and officially recognized grades of cognac. These are based upon the location of the vineyards. Starting with the best they are: *grande champagne*, *petite champagne*,

borderies, *fins bois*, *bons bois* and *bois ordinaires*.

This does not mean that cognac is the only good brandy made from grapes. Excellent grape brandies are made in Spain, Germany, Greece and elsewhere. In the Burgundy area of France, a grape brandy called Marc is very popular. And other brandies are made of almost every variety of fruit known to man. But experts generally agree that the supreme quality of them all is the wonderful grape brandy of the French Charente river area, proud bearer of the name cognac.

In the fall the quiet countryside, famous also for its wheat and dairy herds, bursts into feverish activity. From September, when the grapes are usually harvested, until late into winter, the distilleries work around the clock getting ready and converting the wine into the cognac which, many years later, will be marketed in all the corners of the world.

Every distillery owns some vineyards and also buys wine from the many small farmers in the region who raise the grapes and press the wine. There is no future market like the great agricultural future markets of Chicago — but at the opening of the harvest the large distilleries announce the price they will pay for the current crop, and that price serves as an approximate standard for the season's





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Cognac

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As the fall progresses, huge barrels of the new wine arrive at the distilleries. Once the giant copper distilling vats are started, they operate 24 hours a day. The wine is heated until it vaporizes, and the vapor escapes thru chilled copper tubing to become a condensate, three to four times richer in alcohol than the wine itself. This fluid, called the *brouillis*, is put back into the still for a second heating which produces a potent colorless liquid, 140 proof in alcoholic strength, called *la bonne chauffe* — the good heating.

Not all of the *bonne chauffe* is used. It has a "head," a "heart" and a "tail." The "head" and the "tail," the first and last liquids which come out of the still, are discarded as being too strong and too sharp.

The "heart" is placed in new barrels of Limousin oak. There it rests for one to three years, mellowing and taking its color from the wood. Later on, it is transferred to older barrels for indefinite aging. If left undisturbed, cognac reaches its maximum in desirability in 40 to 50 years. At that time the strength has evaporated down to 40-42 per cent alcohol (what we call 80-84 proof). For practical purposes, however, this weakening process is speeded by dilution with water. Only pure rainwater or distilled water can be used, and it requires five to six years to dilute properly, small quantities being added from time to time. Cognac with a soapy taste occurs when the maker, over-anxious to sell his product, adds the water too fast.

The main reason cognac must bring the price it does is that it is a product in which time is one of the main ingredients. Time means tied-up capital as well as constant maintenance. Also, the conversion process is an extravagant one: roughly speaking, a quantity of grapes which will yield ten bottles of wine will produce only one bottle of cognac. The product of devoted care and experience wherever it is made, brandy has world-wide prestige. A real holiday spirit, it is particularly appropriate for the Christmas season.

Chicago has a large number of conscientious wine merchants. This list of their offerings in brandies represents some, but by no means all, of the specialty purchases that can be made locally.

The label markings on some brands

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our Famous 1 lb. **ROCK CORNISH GAME** BENS® are dressed, packed and expressed any order, seven days a week. These are the same birds featured in the leading restaurants throughout the country. **Beautiful Gift Packages** of 6 birds, only \$1.90 including cost of Expressing. **Illustrated Easy Recipes** by Escoffier, Andre Simon, the Cordon Bleu in Paris and some superior American restaurants, sent with each order. **Other Packages** of 2, 4 or 12 birds, or Guineas, Pheasants and Wild turkeys. Write to Idle Wild Farm, or phone Putnam, Conn., WAInut 8-2711, for all details and price list. Delivery fresh, in perfect condition, fully guaranteed by Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Makowsky.

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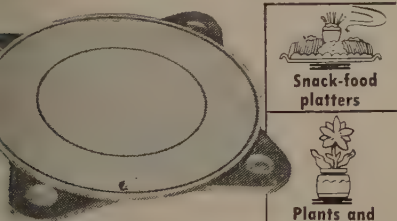


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Like ANY tray a Lazy Susan!



Susanette

It's a brand new idea designed to add pleasure, comfort and convenience to everyday living. SUSANETTE is an active, heat-proof and scratch-proof revolving trivet. Non-slip cork top grips the edge of any platter, tray or serving surface and the nylon bearing assures smooth and easy turning regardless of size or weight of object placed on it.

Multiple uses for home, office, studio • Only 7" in diameter and 1/2" high • Sturdy, will not tip • Nothing to attach or attach • Ideal for Scrubbing • Holds up to 200 pounds • **\$1.49** Postpaid

FREDERICK CLAYTON & CO.
100 N. WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

Cognac

indicate age: three stars, 5 years; V.O., 10-12 years; V.S.O., 12-17 years; V.S.O.P. or V.S.E.P., 20-25 years.

GEETING & FROMM

1028 WEST VAN BUREN STREET

Imported Brugerolle French three star cognac, 84 proof...per bottle \$5.50.
Napoleon-Aigle Rouge V.R.Q.P., very rare cognac, silverfoil and gift-carton wrapped.....per bottle \$6.90.

MARCO'S

70 EAST RANDOLPH STREET

Chapoulie armagnac,
21 years old.....per bottle \$4.95.
Manoir St. Vivant, armagnac,
30 yrs. old.....per bottle \$7.95.
Marmont Napoleon cognac
.....per bottle \$7.95.

MONOGRAM WINES & LIQUORS

324 WEST NORTH AVENUE

A. De Luze Three Crown
cognacper bottle \$6.79.
Godet Gastronome cognac,
40 yrs. old.....per bottle \$9.03.
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80 yrs. old.....per bottle \$10.39.
Dujardin German brandy,
8 yrs. old.....per bottle \$6.25.
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Frapin fine champagne
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.....per bottle \$8.95.
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.....per bottle \$9.95.

SOLOMON DRUGS, INC.

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Meukow fine champagne cognac,
25 yrs. old.....per bottle \$5.75;
per gallon \$29.50.
Paul De Vignau or Comte De Guyon,
armagnac, 50 years old
.....per bottle \$12.50.

STOP AND SHOP

16 WEST WASHINGTON STREET

Courvoisier or Martel three star
cognacper bottle \$5.95.
Courvoisier or Martel V.S.O.P.
cognacper bottle \$6.95.
Martel Cordon Bleu cognac
.....per bottle \$10.50.
Courvoisier fine champagne
.....per bottle \$14.95.

Fanny's Column

By Fanny Lazzar

THIS MORNING I WAS IN THAT state of semi-consciousness which follows interrupted sleep; a half dreamy, vague, uncertain veil of thought hovered between me and reality. My dormant senses blossomed uncertainly into life . . . I fell into a reverie. Christmas . . . Evanston . . . 1917.

OUR HOUSEHOLD BECAME more a center of mirth and laughter. No tumult could be more gay. The huge Balsam like a semispherical arch bared with tinsel and gorged with lighted candles glowed hotly. Beneath the tree toys of every description filled the room. My small brother made a stampede for his share and seeing the large wooden rocking horse hoisted himself upon it gleefully. I stretched myself like a tigress on the floor . . . placed my hands upon my eyelids and opened them . . . and looked again and again . . . it was a world of joy. The beautiful Alabaster doll from Germany . . . two feet high . . . gazed at me. Her splendor effaced everything. She wore a muslin dress embroidered in dull gold and stockings and shoes to match. Memory often takes notes even as children without our being aware of it . . . and the years never erase them from our minds. I loved this doll with the madness of children for enchantments of their small horizons.

THE MELODIOUS CHANT OF Gina, our maid, singing while she helped Mama prepare dinner . . . made me feel keenly the charm of the holiday season. Only a year ago . . . (1916) before we brought her to America with us . . . Gina the peasant sang in the Italian fields beautiful songs that were lulled by the wind into a murmuring harmony. And this first Christmas away from her beloved Italy brought her a homesickness tinged with such recognizable melancholy . . . it gave her singing a rare softness like that of the sunshine which is indescribable.

CHRISTMAS 1917 . . . and beautiful Mama . . . presiding over the huge table laid with snow-white linen and arranging the dozens of dishes so artfully prepared . . . it made of her both a painter and a poet. Glancing down the length of the table with a "Buon Natale" . . . and "Buon Appetito" . . . Alas what force can ever break the chain of childhood memories . . . at Christmas . . . consolidated by the knot of the flowers of a mother's love?

Fanny's

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

For Spaghetti . . . Southern
Fried Chicken . . . Prime Steaks
Hours 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. Daily
(open every day)

Sunday 12 noon to 10 p.m.

(Reservations requested)

Fanny's Spaghetti Sauce and Fanny's Salad Dressing available at Marshall Field & Co. and other fine shops.
1601 SIMPSON ST. EVANSTON, ILL.
GR 5-8686

the boy and the Star

He is old enough now to know that the ornament on the tree is more than simply a star . . . to understand the deeper meaning of Christmastime.

Now he knows that it is love that has been shining on the tree year after year, the love that has wrapped and held him . . . that has given him food and warmth and laughter and the promise of joy to come.

Life's great reward is the privilege of giving security to those we love—yet it is possible only in a country like ours.

And, think: When you make *your* home secure you are also helping make America secure. For the strength of America grows as the number of its secure homes increases.



Saving for security is easy! Read every word

—now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works — the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.30. If you can save as much as \$18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you \$10,700!

U.S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semi-annually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish.

If you want your interest as current income, ask your bank about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check.



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The Rush Toward Christmas

Shops and Shopping

by Jeanne Phillips

Family gifts seem to assume special importance in the few weeks before Christmas. Presents for the closest are often purchased latest, not to slight this phase of holiday shopping but to save it, as a child keeps the best on his plate for last.

FOR MEN

Custom made shirts by Paul Stadelman on Wabash are a luxury that many don't realize they can afford. Priced from \$8 to \$25 in fabrics ranging from broadcloth to silk, these shirts have individual styling in collars and cuffs. Paul Stadelman has designed a new "hafrench" cuff. It's just as it sounds, half of a French cuff, minus the fold, which provides for longer wear along with cuff link flourishes. In colors, Stadelman's selection includes the latest pinks and yellows.

A man needn't wear a patch over his eye to be distinctive. Carston Cravat on north Michigan has handsome matched tie and cuff link sets. They come in four fabrics and various color combinations. All the silks are woven exclusively for Carston's and the ties are made in the shop. They retail at \$7.50. The cuff links are in a restrained sterling silver, covered with matching fabric at \$4 plus federal tax.

One wouldn't expect to find a gift for a man at a furrier's. But N. H.

Rosenthal Furs on north Michigan has one, and it's unusual. It's a fur vest, in American broadtail and bright colors, like red. It sells for \$75, tax included.

The Wesley Adams shop on Oak street has two "pipe and slippers" gifts. One is a pure cashmere robe, big and heavy, with monogrammed pocket at \$115. It comes in black, Nile green or oatmeal. Then there's a TV ensemble: a corduroy coat with faille trim and trousers to match in the new black and white combination at \$45.

Wilt's Luggage, with shops on Michigan and Madison, has gifts for



the man who travels. The attache case is over a hundred years old in idea, but Wilt's features a modern version designed for air-travel. Larger than a brief case but small enough to accompany the executive to his seat on the plane, the saddle leather case holds both personals and papers. It has a "birthday" lock. The owner relies on memory rather than keychain. To open the case he dials his birthday. The case sells for \$29. Two variations are available, one slimmer for just papers, another with an accordion file.

Wilt's also has another case that's not brief. Tapered and streamlined, it's 21 inches long in sturdy flexible glass. Charcoal grey to match the recipient's newest suit, it retails at \$42.50.

For mid-winter sunshine vacations Lytton's has a coordinated set of walking shorts, sport shirt and knee hose. The socks match the shorts; there's a belt to match the short sleeved shirt, and the shirt is trimmed to match the shorts again. In soap and water fabrics, the set is \$12.95. For the more conservative, the same combinations are available with slacks rather than shorts at \$14.95. Colors are charcoal with pink, black with pearl grey, and brown with cream.

For tourists going north, Lytton's has an exclusive. An importer has persuaded Indians in northern Canada to knit sweaters in the off-season months. No two alike, the sweaters are made from rough yarns still containing burrs and oils which render them water repellent. Thick and warm, they are done in a shaker knit with short roll collars. The colors are predominately grey with red, green and black designs of masculine gender. The sweaters are \$37.50 in sizes 38 to 46.

Baskin's on State street has an extensive selection of personal accessories for men. In the new char-gray there is a travel case of imported English saddle cowhide with a water-

proofed lining. Fitted with a comb, nail file, unbreakable lotion bottle, lucite hairbrush and toothbrush holder, it sells for \$12. To match there's a shoeshine kit, neat, with cloths, brushes and polish, at \$3.95. And there's a flask with metal-shouldered glass bottle and a top that can be used as a shot cup at \$5.

In jewelry, there are big cuff links, free form, fashioned from sterling and ebony and beginning at \$18 at Contemporary Art Workshops on north Michigan. These are originals by Chicago artist John Kearney, who recently completed a set in silver with matched German agates. Heavy and masculine, the design in the links is unusual, with

a bridge of silver crossing the stones. Near \$30. The artist also works from direct commissions.

FOR WOMEN

A mink stole is certain to brighten the holiday season of its fortunate recipient. The darkest ranch mink is used in a stole priced at \$550 at Irmasam Furriers on State street.

The Coach and Four in Marengo, Illinois, has delicate lingerie by Kiker-nick. And jewelry from the collections of Trifari, Hobe and Hattie Carnegie.

Then there's a black fox muff, round and soft, with a purse inside, for \$29.50 at Uhlemann Furs on Michigan.

Among scents, the Jacqueline Cochran Beauty shop on north Michigan carries a line of perfumes by Nina Ricci in handblown bottles. Titles are in fantasy French: L'Air du Temps, Fille d'Ève, and Coeur-joie. There's a wide range of sizes, priced from \$2 to \$60.

The Powder Box at Chas. A. Stevens has a popular but often hard to find line of cosmetics. These are by Ima Jean Shepherd. And many are gift packaged for the holidays.

Stanley Korshak's on north Michigan has an imported-from-France purse atomizer which works on an unusual principle and retails for \$8. Whimsical is the handpainted ceramic piggy bank, at \$10, also at Korshak's.

The Drake Watch and Gift shop on north Michigan features unusual timepieces for both men and women, priced from \$27.50 to \$5,000. Also available here are ceramics, china and jewelry from all over the world. For the holidays, there's an unusual collection of antique Byzantine jewels from \$100.

Two intriguing one-only gifts in jewelry are at Contemporary Art Workshops. One is a free form wire sterling silver ring, set with a Quere-tare opal from Mexico and contoured to fit the finger, at \$30. The other is a pin in the shape of a massive moose,

jade set in sterling, at \$30. There are bracelets in silver shaped to go up the arm instead of around it, and fabrics designed and woven by Lynn Kearney and Madge Friedman.

Bordelon's on east 55th street has compacts and cigaret cases strikingly enamelled on jeweler's bronze in abstract designs at \$5 and \$6. Bordelon's also has handmade jewelry for men, women and little girls. These pieces, from the workshops of artists thruout the country, are in teakwood, sterling, enamels, copper, glass and ceramics. Prices run from \$2 to \$50.

Marshall Field's has something new in jewelry. Its called "nuts and bolts" and features long strands of the same in brass and copper colors. One item is cotter pins strung on a long leather thong at \$20 plus tax.



There are shoulder bags from Italy this season. They come in shapes and sizes to fit personalities. In light brown cowhide with handsome brass fittings, they can be found at Bordelon's from \$8 to \$25.

Cashmeres at Stanley Korshak's run the gamut from pullovers to jewelled and fur-trimmed one-of-a-kinds. Prices are from \$25 to \$125.

Small furs for gifts in the form of scarves, capes, shoulder stoles and jackets can be found at Irving Morris furs on State. These come in both mink and sable with prices beginning at \$59.50. In mink there are new shades like cerulean, lutetian and royal pastel.

Martha Weathered on north Michigan is featuring rhinestone belts with the stones set on brilliant satins from \$12.95 up.

There are lovely bowls with covers from France. These are in white, simple and modern, good for powder, pins, and things, as well as just to look at. They're available in several sizes, all under \$10, at Baldwin Kingrey on Ohio street. This store also has a distinctive translucent cigaret box, king-sized, fashioned from shell and pewter and priced at \$22.

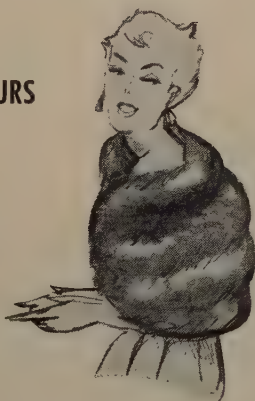
In jewels this season, Henry Bogoff, designer and creator of Bogoff Jewels, has selected and imported stones from Austria to use in his new "tawny topaz" line. Available in a variety of forms and prices, the good winter color of topaz is surrounded and enhanced by a discreet use of rhinestones. The jewels can be found at

for
holiday giving

SMALL FURS

COATS

JACKETS



select from an
outstanding collection
of fine furs

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for every home • for every budget

- ★ free home consultation and advisory service
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several Loop stores.

The shops have a wide selection of tasteful gifts for the college set.

Von Lengerke and Antoine on Wabash has imported from Great Britain a selection of scarves and gloves for men in both rough and gentle English woolsens. They're practical as well as attractive on windy Midwestern campuses.

Rosenthal Furs offers for the coed a bunny rabbit sweater. This sweater in fur is as light as cashmere and comes in both bright and subdued colors, cardigan style, at \$100.

Bramson's on north Michigan is featuring new color groups in cashmere sweaters, scarves and gloves for the girl student. These are pastels. And for dormitory life the store has new shock colors like pink, purple and pomegranate and others in lounging robes and pajamas.

There's a week-end cosmetic case by Trina at Carson Pirie Scott for \$8.50. Also to be found there is a white angora collar, trimmed with paillettes, at \$2.95.

Joseph Salon Shoes on north Michigan has the "cat's whiskers" in slippers — white and red felt Christmas colors with velvet trim and yarn whiskers in black and red for \$5.95.

Allardale Fashions on north Michigan has dressy separates for evening.

These include the popular lace and satin shirts.

For the serious scholar Olivetti Corporation features the "Lettera 22" portable typewriter. This is a portable portable, weighing a scant nine pounds. The aluminum body was designed by Marcello Nizzoli of Milan, Italy, and the typewriter comes in a handsome two-tone nylon case. With all the features of standard machines, the "Lettera 22" retails at \$88 at several local stores.



FOR CHILDREN

Educational toys might better be called imagination toys, for this is what they are designed for, and this is what they develop in children.

Childcraft is a set of books designed to benefit parents as well as children. The last four of 15 volumes are written on child development for the benefit of parents. The rest of the volumes are for the children themselves and include *Music for the Family*, *Art for Children* and *Science and Industry*.

MINSHALL ELECTRIC ORGANS

Church • Home • School



The Chord Spinnet Combination ALL IN ONE

- Use as chord or full-fledged organ
- Unmatched for playing ease (30 minutes)
- 120 pre-set chords — play with 9 buttons
- Numberless tone colors
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- Easiest to own at unbelievable \$890.

Gamble Music Co.

312 S. Wabash Ave. • Chicago 4

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ORIGINAL, SIGNED PRINTS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS

A Gift to be Treasured



HANS ERNI \$40.



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Main Street Gallery
modern paintings, drawings, gravures

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OUTFITTERS TO
GENTLEWOMEN

*a Delightful New Way to Shop and
Dine in an Old Historical Setting*

On U.S. Grant Federal Highway #20, one mile east of Marengo, this elegant estate was a center of social life during the Civil war. Many prominent people visited here, including Abraham Lincoln. Hospitality in a century-old setting — but as up-to-the-minute as our zesty cocktails and lavish meals. A perfect before or after treat when you view our smart collection of:

Coats . . . Suits . . . Dresses
Hats . . . Gloves . . . Jewelry
Bags . . . Hosiery . . . Sportswear
Lingerie . . . Gifts

Daily & Sunday
11:30 A.M. to 8 P.M.



THE MONOGRAMMED TIE for Him and Him only:

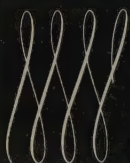


- 1...DM
- 2...prt
- 3...PRT
- 4...cjh
- 5...MEB
- 6...C.J.H.

\$750

Colors: Black-Navy
Medium Blue-Garnet
Cardinal-Green-Brown
Bronze-Silver

His own initials, instead of a pattern that anyone can wear, accent the rich colors of these superbly fine silk neckties. A gift that's truly personal, as individual as his own name. Other neckwear from \$2.50.



Wesley Adams

STYLIST FOR MEN

115 East Oak Chicago 11

There are stories and poems and illustrations and cartoons and activities. Everything children are interested in is included, from snakes to stars. The sets sell for \$76.50 and are published by Field Enterprises, Inc.

Bordelon's has big pictures for little children. Four bright, bold paintings have been done by Harry Hess, and silk-screens of these are now to be had at \$5.95 a set. They're called *Here Kitty, Oink, My Brother and Hide and Go Seek*. The artist has much insight into how children see things and how they look at people. Framed, and in a ready-to-mail carton, the paintings are an ample 18 by 26 inches.

Carson Pirie Scott has a funny jungle baby toy. He costs \$2.95.

For the young adventurer, there's a real wild fox skin, tracked down in northern United States for a young man's study floor or wall. It's \$2.95 at Marshall Field's, where there are coon-skin caps, too, suede-lined, for \$1.95.

For the more delicate of the species, Field's has a Swiss music box. On top of the box, encased in a clear plastic dome, a ballerina two inches high pirouettes in time to the music. For six year olds and up, this sells for \$6.95.

Marshall Field's also has an electronics kit, prepared by RCA to explain the basic principles of that science to young ones. It shows how to put electrons to work. There are experiments in building an electro-magnet, a simple radio transmitter, a one-tube radio receiver, and more. The set is \$22.95.



FOR EVERYONE

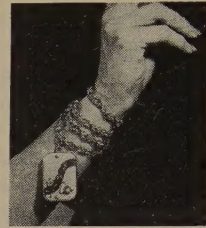
Leonard Linn, Inc., in Winnetka features "Christmas in Scandinavia," including designs from that region. Charles Feingarten gallery on Walton street has "Paintings for Christmas," stressing works under \$100.

At La Boutique Fantastique on Oak street the Christmas exhibition includes paintings, drawings, prints, jewelry and contemporary accessories.

Main Street gallery of the Main Street Book store on north Michigan has a Christmas showing of drawings, paintings and gravures of modern European artists, \$15 to \$250.

Chicago Society of Artists, Inc., on north State is featuring cards, jewelry, ceramics and small objects suitable for gifts, as well as small paintings and the society's annual block calendar.

Palmer House galleries has works of Chicago artists, all priced at \$50 or less. The Lantern gallery on Rush street has a Christmas gift show of fine



MUSIC BOX CHARM

You will have music wherever you go with this new idea in costume jewelry that can be worn as a bracelet or necklace. Lovely link-chain in highly polished brass with charm also in brass, gaily accented with blue and black musical notes. Winds up like regular music box, music stops at touch of button. Comes in smart gift case. Initials will be engraved on early orders. Please specify which initials you prefer.

**\$16.50 tax included, post paid. No C.O.D.'s
JAY SALES CO. 192 N. Clark Chicago 1**

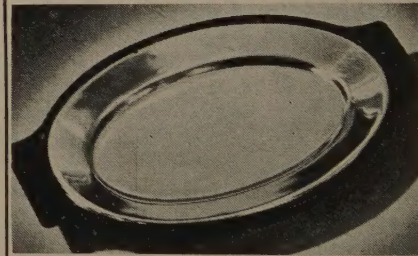


SILVER DOLLAR PAPER WEIGHT

Scattered papers will be held in tow with this unusually handsome desk accessory. A real silver dollar is skilfully embedded in highly polished, finely cut lucite. Cannot be nicked or scratched. The perfect gift that will increase in value from the day it is received. These carefully chosen coins are no longer minted and are rapidly disappearing into collections.

Paperweight \$4.95 ppd.
Door knob to match \$5.95 ppd.
Evans cigarette lighter \$14.95 ppd.
The Peddlers Cart 278 Scott Ave. Winnetka

NOW! Serve wonderful sizzling steaks



with the new . . . SIZZLE SERVER SET

Here's that wonderful cast aluminum Steak Sizzler so important to the steak expert. An ideal gift. Oval, 8" x 12".

Keeps steaks piping hot, saves the juices. Attractive, convenient, unusual. Removable serving base of heat resistant bakelite insulates platter, protects the table top, yet keeps the sizzler sizzling long after the dinner is over.

With Sizzle Servers at an outdoor barbecue, everybody eats together and everybody gets piping hot food. Perfect for ham and eggs and fish too — or a "frosty cold" cold plate.

Order Now — Check, Money Order or C.O.D.

	Satin Finish	High Gloss Finish
Sizzle-Server Set	5.25	6.50
Mr. & Mrs. Set (2)	10.00	12.00
Family Set (4)	20.00	24.00

Lake Shore Gifts
Distributors by Mail Exclusively

**880 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago 11, Illinois**

arts and handicrafts, reasonably priced.

"A Christmas Walk" has been arranged to give shoppers an opportunity to visit various Old Town Triangle studios and galleries exhibiting unusual gifts. Open house on December 3 and 4 from 4 to 10 p.m. is being held by Richard Barnes, 1628 north Wells; Frank Ryan, contemporary furnishings, 1653 north Wells; Wells Design and Ceramic Center, 1655 north Wells; Bunni Sovetski, 1718 north Wells; Irving Titel, 1718 north Wells; Joe Zeller, 209 Eugenie, and Sedgwick studio, 1701 Sedgwick.

Varied gifts for the entire family are available at Honey Bear Farm, a neat cluster of rural architecture at Genoa City, Wisconsin, a drive of about an hour and a half. Upstairs in the Cherry Tree house where a farmer's wife once knitted mufflers and afghans, there's a shop with a special line of knit dresses and suits. "Do it yourself" mecca is the Pump House, with kits for holiday decorations. In the Country Store, sharp Wisconsin cheese is cut from a big wheel, and sausages hang from strings. The Country Kitchen has the famed Honey Bear dressings — honey, herb, roquefort and French — boxed to ship. The Cub Cottage is a storehouse of clothes and toys for the children, including a charming tea cart with a complete service for a party.

FROM THE POSTMAN

A membership in Around-the-World Shoppers Club is a gift that lasts all year. Members receive each month a different gift from a different country, sent post paid and duty free. "Dues" range from \$5 for two months to \$22 for a year. Around-the-World Shoppers, Dept. 331-f, 71 Concord street, Newark 5, N. J.

Telefood, Inc., is a service that's a gift possibility for a serviceman or a relative who lives far off. It has several member shops in the city — Stop and Shop, Rossin's on 71st street, O'Donnell's on Rush, and Picturesque on east 63rd — so customers may telegraph food and gift baskets from these stores to places all over the world.

Slink Train is a pull toy that wriggles. An old time, sturdy, three-color plastic locomotive has a slink mid-section. \$1.98 post paid. Dept. CG, Lesco Co., 5138 Kimball avenue, Chicago 25.

The Traveloader is a scale model of a large loading machine. It loads sand, gravel and just plain dirt from piles by conveyor belt and dumps this into things, like trucks. Sprayed baked enamel finish over heavy 20 gauge steel. Rubber tire wheels. The toy is 30 inches long. \$14.95, post paid. Dept. CG, Lesco Co.

Kay Stanley's dessert set with real

food enables the pint-sized housewife to bake pies and puddings with Jell-O pudding and gelatin and Pillsbury's pie mix. Utensils and cook book included. \$2.98, post paid. Dept. CG, Lesco Co.

There's now an electric trivet to answer the crying need for an easy way to heat canned baby foods. Comes with heat proof china baby dish, white glazed and red border. 175 watts, 120 volts. \$9.50, post paid. Dept. CG, No. R-60, Liberty Electric Co., Inc., 1915 Madison avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

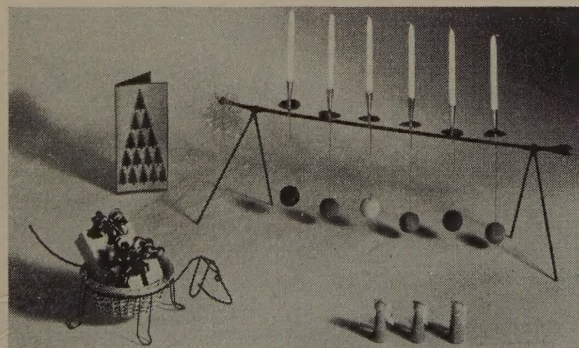
The Sizzle Server is a brother to the trays on which steaks are served in big restaurants and in the movies. It keeps ham and eggs, chops and fish hot, and keeps steaks sizzling. The Sizzle Server comes in two pieces a platter which can be put into the



broiler and a Bakelite holder for serving. The size is 8½ by 13½ inches. Polished satin or deluxe highly polished mirror finish, and the holder in ebony. In the satin finish, \$5.25 each, \$10 for Mr. and Mrs. set of two, \$20 for family set of four. In the deluxe finish, \$6.50 for one, \$12 for two, \$24 for four. Lake Shore Gifts, Dept. CG, 880 Lake Shore drive, Chicago 11.

In a contemporary cream and sugar service, a 3-inch crystal clear set rests securely in a recessed 5 by 8-inch black ebony tray. Black free form sugar scoop. The four piece set, \$6 post paid. Dept. CG, Gifts 'n Gadgets, 1452 east 53rd street, Chicago 15.

An ebony grainware all-purpose server is 17 inches long, 7 inches wide, 2 inches deep. It can be used as a centerpiece for floating flowers, as a fruit bowl, as a snack bowl. Warp-proof and light weight in an interesting shape, \$6, post paid. Dept. CG, Gifts 'n Gadgets.



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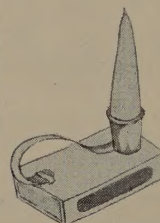
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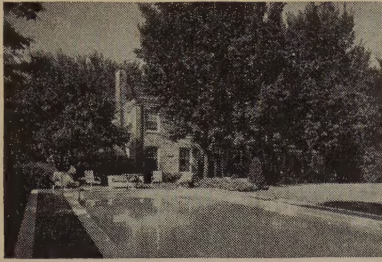
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